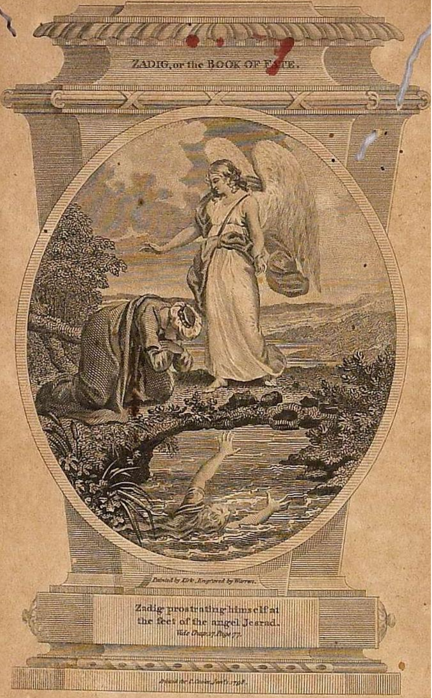


Zadig prostrating himself at the feet of the angel Jesrad.
Vide Chap. 17, Page 77.

ZADIG,

forming part of

Cooke's Pocket Edition of

SELECT NOVELS,

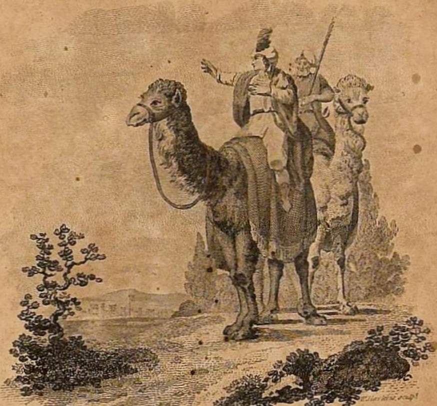
or Novelists' Entertaining Library

containing a Complete Collection of

Universally Approved

Adventures, Tales &c by the most Esteem'd Authors.

Superbly Embellished.



R. Corbould del. — W. Hawkins sculp.

Publish'd under the direction of C. Cooke, Aug. 1795.

Zadig leaving the Court of Babylon.— Vide Page 34.

Serfogee Rajah 182

ZADIG:

OR, THE

BOOK OF FATE,

AN ORIENTAL HISTORY,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

M. DE VOLTAIRE,

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Quo fata trahunt, retrahuntque ſequamur,
Per varios caſus, per tot diſcrimina rerum,
Tendimus ad Latium. *Virg.*

Cooke's Edition.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:
Printed for C. Cooke, No. [illegible]oster-Row,
by J. Wright, No. 18, [illegible]
and sold by all the Bookſellers in the United
Kingdom.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S

FRANCIS DE VOLTAIRE was born in the year 1694, and appears, from general report, as well as his own writings, to have discovered a very early genius for literature, having written, at twelve years of age, some verses, which, from their acknowledged merit, at that time of life, recommended him to the Abbé Chateauneuf, who introduced him to the celebrated Madame Nion d'Enclos, by whom he was presented with two thousand livres, to purchase books.

The verses alluded to, he composed when at school, for an invalid, who had served in the regiment of Dauphiné, under the only son of Louis XIV. The old soldier having applied to the Jesuit College, to request one of the Masters to write a petition in verse, to be presented to the Dauphin; the Master told him he was then too much engaged, but that he had a young scholar who could perform what he desired. The eclat our author obtained by this juvenile effort, determined him to pursue the bent of his inclination for poetry. But he was induced, in a great measure, to form this resolution, by having been sent, by his father, to the law schools, as soon as he left the College, where he was so disgusted with the manner of teaching jurisprudence, that he resolved to devote himself wholly to the study of the *Belles Lettres*.

His promising talents recommended him, at this early period of life, to the patronage of the most eminent literary and political characters of that time, and, at the age of eighteen, he began the tragedy of Oedipus.

The youthful and inexperienced author, attached to the gaieties of life; evinced not the least concern for the success of his piece, on the contrary, he obtruded himself on the stage during the performance, and wantonly seized the train of the high priest, in one of the most affecting scenes of the tragedy. The lady of the Marshal Villar, enquiring who the young man was that exhibited such an instance of levity, being informed he was the

author, ſent for him to the box where ſhe ſat, and, from that moment, commenced his attachment to the Marſhal and his lady, which continued during their lives.

Voltaire began the Henriade, at the ſeat of Monſieur de Caumartin, who was the intendant of finances.—This was after he had finiſhed Oedipus, but before that piece had been performed. He has been heard to declare, that when he undertook theſe two works, he did not think he ſhould be able to finiſh them, and that he was neither acquainted with the rules of the drama, nor of epic poetry; but that he was fired with what he heard of Henry IV. from Monſieur de Caumartin, who was well verſed in hiſtory, and an enthuſiaſtic admirer of that prince. He uſed to add, that he began the Henriade from mere enthuſiaſm, and almoſt without reflection.

Having once read ſeveral cantos of his poem, when on a viſit to his intimate friend the young Preſident de Maiſons, he was ſo vexed with objections, that he loſt patience, and threw the manuſcript into the fire. The Preſident Henaut, with difficulty, reſcued it. "Remember (ſaid Mon. Henaut to him, in one of his letters,) it was I who ſaved the Henriade, and that it coſt me a good pair of ruffles."

Some years after, ſeveral copies of this poem were handed about while it was only a ſketch; and an edition of it, with many chaſms, was publiſhed under the title of *The League*. All the poets in Paris, and many of the literati, employed their pens againſt the author. The Henriade was played at the fair, and it was inſinuated to the king's preceptor, that it was indecent, and even criminal, to write in praiſe of Queen Elizabeth, and an Engliſh Admiral.

The cabal was ſo powerful, that the Cardinal de Biſſi, at that time preſident of the clergy, was requeſted to paſs a judicial cenſure on the work; but this ſtrange deſign did not take place. The young author was filled with equal ſurpriſe and reſentment at theſe intrigues. His gaiety of life had prevented him from making friends among the literati, and he had not the art of combat-

ing his intriguing enemies in their own way, which was abſolutely neceſſary to fruſtrate their deſigns.

In 1722, he produced the tragedy of Mariamne, who was poiſoned by Herod. When ſhe drank out of the cup, the faction cried out, "*The Queen drinks,*" and the piece was damned. Theſe continual mortifications, determined him to print the Henriade in England, as he could obtain neither privilege nor patronage for it in France.

The following is the tranſlation of ſome verſes, inſerted in a letter of his own hand writing ſent to a counſellor in the parliament of Thouloufe:

Tho' fortune frown, I'll ne'er complain,
The great have had their ſhare of pain;
E'en he, the hero of my page,
Oft felt the malice of her rage;
The victim of a bigot crew,
To England for relief he flew.
I'll ſeek that hoſpitable ſhore——

The reſt of the verſes were torn. The letter ended thus: "*Je nai pas le nez tourné à être prophete en mon pays.*" "I was never deſigned to be a prophet in my own country."

His obſervation was right: George the Firſt, and more particularly the Princeſs of Wales, afterwards Queen of England, raiſed an immenſe ſubſcription for him.—This laid the foundation of his fortune; for on his return to France, in 1728, he put his money into a lottery, eſtabliſhed by the Comptroller-General of the Finances. The adventurers received a rent charge on the *Hotel-de-Ville* for their tickets, and the prizes were paid in ready money. He joined with a numerous company of adventurers, and was fortunate. This increaſe of fortune did not prevent his cultivating the *Belles Lettres*, which were his ruling paſſion. In 1730, he produced his Brutus, which was generally deemed the moſt ſpirited of all his productions in tragedy, Mahomet not excepted. Zara, though ſo affecting in many inſtances, as to draw tears from the audience, narrowly eſcaped being damned. It

was parodied at the Italian comedy at the fair, and was called " The Foundlings; or, Harlequin at Parnaſſus.

About that time, a Member of the Academy, having propoſed M. de Voltaire to fill a vacancy, of which he did not entertain the leaſt idea, M. de Boze declared that the author of Brutus and Zara could never be a fit ſubject for an academician.

Voltaire was then intimately acquainted with the illuſtrious Marchioneſs de Chatellet, with whom he ſtudied the principles of Newton, and the ſyſtems of Leibnitz. They retired for ſeveral years to Cirey, in Champagne, two of which M. Kienig, a celebrated mathematician, paſſed with them. Voltaire cauſed a gallery to be erected, where they performed all the experiments on light and electricity. Notwithſtanding theſe avocations, on the 20th of January, 1736, he brought out his tragedy of Alzira, or The Americans; which met with great applauſe. The author aſcribed his ſucceſs to his abſence.

Of all the cenſurers of Alzira, the Ex-Jeſuite, Deſfontaines, was the moſt virulent. An inſtance of notorious criminality had ſubjected the Ex-Jeſuit to legal proſecution, and a very ſevere ſentence was pronounced upon him.

Voltaire prevailed upon the Marchioneſs de Prie to uſe her intereſt in the criminal's favour, which the Ex-Jeſuit acknowledged in a letter to our author, in theſe terms:

" I ſhall never forget the obligation I lie under to " you: the goodneſs of your heart, is ſtill ſuperior to " your genius. I ought to employ my life in giving " you proofs of my gratitude. I conjure you likewiſe, " to obtain for me a revocation of the *Lettre de Cachet*, " by which I am delivered from the *Biſſetre*, and ba- " niſhed thirty leagues from Paris."

Within the ſpace of three weeks, this ſame prieſt wrote a defamatory libel againſt the very man, to whom he lay under ſuch infinite obligations, and compoſed ſatires and invectives, in conjunction with others, and publiſhed them under the titles of *Voltairomanie*, and *Voltai-*

riana. Such were the characters with whom our author had to contend, but all the resentment he shewed, was merely by calling them, "*la canaille de la littérature*," "the very dregs of literature:" "*they* live," said he, "upon pamphlets and iniquity."

The Ex-Jesuit, Desfontaines, in a conversation with the Count d'Argenson, attempted to vindicate himself by saying, "*I must live*," to which the Count replied, "*I see no necessity for it*."

It appeared, however, that all the opposition and scurrility with which he met at the representation of every new piece, could not prevail upon him to desist from dramatic writing; for, on the 10th of October, the same year, he brought out his comedy of The Prodigal Son, though not under his own name, and gave the profits to two young pupils, who came to Cirey, while he resided with Madame de Chatellet, in order to put themselves under his tuition. One of them afterwards rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and, in process of time, was appointed ambassador to the courts both of Vienna and London.

The comedy of The Prodigal Son had great success. The author thus refers to it, in a letter to Mademoiselle de Quinaut:

"You can keep the secrets of others, as well as your "own. Had I been known to be the author, the piece "would have been damned. Men do not like to see "the same person succeed in two kinds of writing. I "made enemies enough by my Oedipus and Hen-"riade."

Voltaire, engaged, soon after, in a study of a much sublimer nature: He wrote the *Elements of the Newtonian Philosophy*; a philosophy then hardly known in France. He could not obtain a privilege for publishing the work from the Chancellor D'Auguessean, who was a man of universal learning, but having been bred a Cartesian, discouraged, as much as possible, the new discoveries. Our author's attachment to the principles of Newton and Locke, drew upon him an host of oppo-

nents, to which he adverts in a letter to Mr. Falkner, to whom he dedicated his Zara, in thefe words:

"The French are fuppofed to love novelty, but it "muft be in cookery and fafhions; for as to new "truths, they are always profcribed among us; it is "only when they are grown old that they are well re- "ceived."

There is a letter written a long time after this, on thefe abftract fciences, which is well worthy of being preferved.

As a relaxation from his philofophical ftudies, our author amufed himfelf by writing his *Maid of Orleans.*—This piece of pleafantry was compofed at Cirey. Though this poem was altogether comic, there was thought to be much more invention in it than in The Henriade; but a fpurious edition was publifhed with many very objectionable paffages, written in order to affix an odium on Voltaire. The only genuine editions of this work are thofe of Geneva.

Our author having occafion to go to Bruffels, on a law-fuit, in which the family of Chatellet was involved, during the time that the unhappy and celebrated Rouffeau was in that city; Madame de Chatellet refufed to fee Roffeau, becaufe fhe knew that he had written a fatire againft her father, while he lived with him as a fervant. The two poets had an interview, and foon conceived a ftrong averfion for each other. Rouffeau, having fhewn his antagonift an Ode to Pofterity, the latter faid to him, "My friend, this letter will never be delivered according to its direction." This piece of raillery was never forgiven.

There is extant a letter from Voltaire, to Mr. Linaut, in which he fays:

"Rouffeau defpifes me, becaufe I am fometimes "carelefs in my rhymes; and I, for my part, defpife "him, becaufe he is merely a rhymer."

The extreme kindnefs with which the King of Pruffia deigned to honour Voltaire, foon obliterated from his mind the enmity of Roffeau. That Monarch was likewife a poet; but he poffeffed all the talents of a

prince, with many others which are ſeldom found in that ſphere of life. A regular correſpondence had been long carried on between him and our author, when he was Hereditary Prince Royal. Some of their letters have been printed in the collection of Voltaire's works.

The ſtudy of the French language and poetry, Italian muſic, philoſophy and hiſtory, had been the amuſement of this Prince under the preplexities he had experienced in his youth, and ſcarcely a day paſſed, in which he did not write ſome pleaſantries, as the extempore effuſions of his pen. But having finiſhed a work of a ſerious nature, and more worthy of a great Prince, which was a refutation of Machiavel; he had applied to Voltaire to ſuperintend the printing of it, and appointed to meet him at Meuſe, a little caſtle in the neighbourhood of Cleves. When they met, our author ſaid to him:

"Sire, had I been Machiavel, and allowed acceſs to "a young king, I ſhould have begun by adviſing him "to refute my works."

From that time the King of Pruſſia redoubled his favours to Mon. de Voltaire, who, in the year 1740, went to pay his court to him at Berlin, before his Majeſty was prepared to enter Sileſia. It does not appear, from any circumſtance that occurred during his reſidence at Berlin, that Voltaire entertained any deſign of making his fortune by politics; for, on his return to Bruſſels, he devoted himſelf to the *Belles Lettres*. He there compoſed the tragedy of Mahomet, which was repreſented through the intereſt of his patroneſs, Madame de Chatellet, at Liſle, under the management of Mon. Lanoue, who was an author as well as an actor. The celebrated Mademoiſelle Clairon performed there, and gave ſpecimens of the greateſt theatrical talents. The piece went off with great eclat.

During the firſt repreſentation of this tragedy, the author having received a letter from the King of Pruſſia, acquainting him with the victory at Molwitz; he read it to the audience, who received the news with ge-

neral applaufe. "You will fee," faid he, "that this piece of Molwitz, will enfure fuccefs to mine."

Mahomet was acted at Paris fome time after: a circumftance which added to other proofs of the excefs to which the envy and jealoufy of authors may be carried, efpecially in theatrical concerns. The Abbé Desfontaines, and one Bonneval, whom Voltaire had relieved in his neceffities, not being able to prevent the piece from fucceeding on the ftage, lodged an information againft it, before the Attorney General, as containing fome paffages infringing upon the ecclefiaftical authority, infomuch, that the Cardinal Fleury, advifed the author to withdraw his performance. This advice was equivalent to a command; the author, however, publifhed his tragedy, with a dedication to Pope Benedict, XIV. (Lambertini) who had previoufly fhewn him particular marks of regard. He had been recommended to this Pope, by Cardinal Pafleonei, a man of great reputation in the literary world, and with whom he had long maintained a correfpondence. His Holinefs was defirous of drawing him to Rome, as appears from feveral letters addreffed to him from Rome; and he has frequently expreffed a regret at not having feen that city, which he ufed to ftyle the capital of Europe.

Mahomet was not performed for fome time after, and then it was brought forward through the intereft of Madame Denis, the author's niece, notwithftanding the efforts of Crebillon, who was, at that time, licenfer of theatrical pieces, under the direction of the Lieutenant de Police. It was found neceffary to appoint Mon. d'Alembert licenfer, as the behaviour of Crebillon was highly cenfured by the generality of people of fafhion. The piece continued in poffeffion of the theatre ever after, and even at times when that fpecies of entertainment was the moft neglected. The author acknowledged his concern in having painted Mahomet in more odious colours than he deferved. "But had I," faid he, "only "made him a hero and a politician, the piece would have "been damned. Great paffions and great crimes are "indifpenfably requifite in a tragedy." He adds, "the

"*genus implacabile vatum*, persecutes me more violently
"than Mahomet was persecuted at Mecca. People
"talk of jealousies and intrigues disturbing courts, but
"they abound more among men of letters."

After all these disputes, two of his particular friends advised him to renounce poetry, which only exposed him to envy and vexation, and apply himself solely to natural philosophy, and solicit a seat in the Academy of Sciences in Paris, as he had one already in the Royal Society of London, and in the Institution of Bologna. But his friend, Mon. de Fourment, a man of letters, and most amiable manners, having exhorted him, in a poetical epistle, not to neglect his talents; he immedi ately commenced on his Merope.

This Tragedy, which procured our author more honour than he expected, was first performed on the 26th of February, 1743 A better idea of the singular circumstances attending its reception cannot be given, than by inserting his letter, of the 4th of April following, to his friend, Mon. D'Aiguebere, then at Thoulouse. It runs thus:

"Merope is not yet printed. I fear it will not be so
"well received in the closet, as on the stage. The
"success of the piece was not due to me, but to Made-
"moiselle Dumenil. What think you of an actress
"who kept the audience in tears, through three suc-
"cessive acts? The public have run into a little mis-
"take, and given me credit for a part of the extreme
"pleasure given them by the actors. The seduction
"was so great, that the pit, with loud shouts, insist-
"ed upon seeing me: I was seized in the hiding place,
"where I had taken shelter, and brought, by force,
"into Madame Villar's box. The pit was mad, they
"called out to the Duchess de Villars to kiss me, by order
"of her mother-in-law; and they made so much noise
"that she was obliged to comply. Thus have I been
"kissed in public, as was Alain Chartier, by the Prin-
"cess Margaret, of Scotland; but he was asleep, and I
"was awake. The tide of popular favour, which,
"probably, will soon ebb, has a little consoled me for

"the petty persecution I sustained from Boyer, the old "Bishop of Mirepoix, who is still more a Theatin than "a Bishop. The academy, the king, and the public, "destined me to succeed Cardinal Fleurs, as one of the "forty.* Boyer was against it, and at last, after ten "weeks search, he has found a prelate to fill the place "of a prelate, in conformity to the canons of the "church.†

"Literature is not much favoured. Boyer has told "me, that eloquence was expiring; that he endeavour-"ed, in vain, to restore it by his sermons, but that not "any one had *seconded* him: he meant, not any one had "*listened* to him.

"Madam de Chatellet begs her compliments to you. "She is going to marry her daughter to the duke de "Montenero, a dwarfish Neapolitan, who has a large "nose, with a swarthy complexion, and is at the same "time flat chested. He is now here, and going to rob "us of a fine plump-cheeked French girl.

"*Vale et me ama,*

"V********."

Soon after this, he took another journey to the King of Prussia, who was always inviting him to Berlin, but could never prevail on him to quit his old friends for any considerable time. In this journey, he rendered a singular service to the king, his master, as appears from the letters which passed between him and Mon. Amelot, Minister of State.

Our author, in the course of the year 1744, was received into almost all the Academies of Europe; and what is singular, in to that of *LaCrusca.* He had carefully studied the Italian language, as may be seen, by an ele-

* The French Academy, which must not be confounded with the Academy of Sciences, consists of forty members, who are generally persons of very high rank, or of great literary reputation. It was instituted during the ministry of Cardinal Richelieu, for the improvement of the French language.

† It appears, by a letter from the Archbishop of Navarre, that that worthy prelate gave up his pretensions in favour of Mon. de Voltaire.

gant letter written to him, by Cardinal Passionei, which begins with these words:

"I have read your charming and learned Italian letter, over and over again, and always with new pleasure. It is not difficult to conceive how a man, who possesses such a fundamental knowledge of other languages, should have been able to acquire such perfection in this.

"The remark you make in your letter, upon the errors of the greatest men, comes very apropos; for the sun has his spots and eclipses, which are mentioned in the most trifling almanacs; and, as you very properly observe, they who censure too severely, have often greater need of our indulgence, than those whom they reprove. Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and several others, console but little, by a slight and trifling fault, which is covered with a thousand beauties: but the Zoiluses will be ever ridiculous and incapable of distinguishing the pearls from the rubbish of Ennius."

The diction of the Cardinal is expressive, and his sentiments judicious.

M. de Voltaire, about the close of the year 1744, received a brevet, appointing him Historiographer of France, which, a biographer says, he considered as a magnificent trifle, adoping his own phrase. He was already known by his history of Charles XII. which passed through many editions. This history was chiefly composed in England, while he was with Mr. Frabricius, (Chamberlain to George I. King of England, and Elector of Hanover), and who had lived seven years with Charles XII. after the battle of Pultowa. In the same manner the Henriade was began at St. Ange, from his conversations with Mon. de Caumartin.

That history was much commended for its style, and as much criticised for the incredibility of its facts; but the criticisms ceased, and the facts were credited, in consequence of King Stanislaus sending to the author, by

the hands of a Lieutenant-General, an atteftation couched in the following terms:

"Mon. de Voltaire has neither forgotten, nor mif-"placed, a fingle fact or circumftance; all is truth "and properly arranged. He has fpoken of Poland, "and all the events which happened there, as if he had "been an eye-witnefs.

"Given at Commercy, 11th July, 1759."

As he had obtained the title of Hiftoriographer, he was defirous of being active in his new office, and unwilling to have that faid of him, which was once faid of Racine and Boileau, by a clerk of the treafury: "We have not yet feen any thing of thefe gentlemen but their fignature."

He wrote his Hiftory of the War of 1741, which was then in all its force. He was then at Etiole, with the accomplifhed Madame d'Etiole, who was afterwards Marchionefs of Pompadour, and the favourite of the King of France. The court gave orders for fome grand feftivals, which were to take place in the beginning of the year 1745, when it was intended to marry the Dauphin to the Infanta of Spain. They defired to have ballets and a fpecies of comedy, which fhould connect the fongs. This was given in charge to our author, though he had not much tafte for this kind of entertainment. He chofe the ftory of the Princefs of Navarre for his fubject. Mon. de la Popeliniere, one of the Farmers-General, but a man of letters, introduced fome airs, and the mufic was compofed by Rameau, a profeffor of great celebrity.

Madame d'Etiole at that time obtained the appointment of gentleman in ordinary of the chamber, for Mon. de Voltaire. It was a prefent eftimated at about fixty thoufand livres, and the more gratifying, becaufe he obtained the fingular favour of being permitted to fell this employment, and to retain the title, privileges, and functions annexed to it. He wrote a little impromptu upon this favour being granted him, without his having afked for it twice: The following is a tranflation:

Neither my Henry, nor my Zara,
Or my American Alzira,
Could e'er attract my Sovereign's care,
Tho' critics strove to blast my name:
But now I've rais'd both wealth and fame,
By writing farces for the fair.

Nevertheless a pension of two thousand livres had been granted him by the king long before this, and one of fifteen hundred, by the queen; but he never asked for payment.

History having now become, as it were, his duty, he began the outlines of his Age of Lewis XIV. but did not persist in it. He wrote the campaign of 1744, and the memorable battle of Fontenoy, entering into the whole detail of that important action. In this poem, even the number of the killed, in each regiment, is mentioned. The Count d'Argenson, Secretary at war, communicated to him all the officer's letters. Marshal de Noailles and Marshal Saxe entrusted him likewise with their papers.

The Marquis d'Argenson, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and eldest brother to the Secretary at War, sent a letter to Voltaire, containing a minute account of this action, from the field of battle. This letter, the French biographer observes, is an incontestable proof that the Marquis possessed a humane disposition, as well as a good understanding, notwithstanding the calumnies of some frivolous courtiers. It is said, that they who knew him intimately, saw more of the philosopher than the politician in him, but chiefly valued him for his being an excellent citizen. An opinion may be formed of him from the following passage, extracted from his work, entitled, "Considerations upon Government," printed in 1764:

"It is astonishing that a book, which is called The "Political Testament of Cardinal de Richlieu, should "have met with such general approbation. It is the "work of some pedantic ecclesiastic, and unworthy of "the great genius to whom it is ascribed, were it not

"for the chapter in which the ſale of offices is anathe-
"matized. A wretched invention, which has been pro-
"ductive of infinite miſchief, the remedy for which,
"though moſt indiſpenſably neceſſary, is almoſt be-
"come impracticable; for it would require the whole
"revenues of the ſtate only to re-imburſe the princi-
"pal officers, who do the greateſt harm."

This important paſſage, ſeems to have produced the abolition of this ſhameful venality, which took place in 1771, to the aſtoniſhment of all France, who looked upon ſuch a reformation to be impracticable. In the above paſſage may be diſcovered an uniformity of opinion with Voltaire, who has ſhewn the abſurd errors which abound in the work, ſo falſely aſcribed to Cardinal de Richlieu; and who has reſcued the memory of that able and reſpectable Miniſter from the diſgrace that muſt have attached to it, by having ſo deſpicable a work aſcribed to him.

The Marquis d'Angerſon had always a cordial friendſhip for Voltaire, from his infancy; and, when advanced to the office of Secretary of State, employed him in the important tranſactions, during the years 1745, 1746, and 1747, which ſeems to have prevented our author from producing any theatrical pieces, during that period.

It appears, from his papers, that the ſecret of the propoſed deſcent upon England, which was undertaken in 1746, was entruſted to him. The Duke de Richlieu was to have commanded the army. The Pretender had gained two battles, and a revolution was expected. Mon. de Voltaire was directed to draw up a Manifeſto of the King of France upon this momentous occaſion.

On Voltaire being admitted into the French Academy, he was obſerved to deviate from the inſipid cuſtom of filling the inaugural diſcourſes with the praiſes of Cardinal Richlieu, by whom the Academy was inſtituted. He, with much greater propriety, embelliſhed his oration with new remarks, and judicious comments on the French language, a laudable example, which was followed by many of his ſucceſſors.

In 1748, he accompanied Madame de Chattelet to the court of King Staniſlaus, at Luneville; where he compoſed the comedy of Nanine, which was acted on the 17th of July in that year. It did not ſucceed on the firſt repreſentation, but ſome time after it had a very conſiderable run. Semiramis met with a ſimilar fate, on its firſt repreſentation, on the 29th of Auguſt, of the ſame year, but at length it ſucceeded better on the ſtage than either Merope or Mahomet.

It was conſidered, by the friends of Voltaire, as a very extraordinary circumſtance, that he did not make himſelf known as the author of a panegyric on Louis XV. which was printed in 1749, and tranſlated into Latin, Italian, Spaniſh, and Engliſh. The diſorder which had ſo much alarmed the public, for the life of that monarch, and the battle of Fontenoy, which occaſioned greater fears for the king and the nation, rendered the work highly intereſting. The praiſe which the author beſtowed in it was authoriſed by facts; and there was that philoſophical turn in it, which characterizes his productions in general. This compoſition was as much a panegyric on the officers, as the king; yet he never preſented it to the king. He ſent to his friend, Mon. Fourmont, ſome lines on the occaſion. The following is a tranſlation:

> That panegyric few men read,
> And fewer ſtill, its author heed,
> He, whom I chiefly ſtrove to raiſe,
> Seems leaſt affected by my praiſe.

In the ſame year, our author was again on a viſit to King Staniſlaus, at Luneville, with the Marchioneſs de Chatellet, who died there. The King of Pruſſia, at that time, gave Voltaire an invitation to reſide at his court: But it was not till towards the end of the month of Auguſt, 1750, and after he had combated, for more than ſix months, the opinions of his friends, who ſo ſtrongly diſſuaded him from going, that he reſolved to quit France, and attach himſelf to his Pruſſian Majeſty, for the remainder of his life. He could not with-

ſtand the letter which that Monarch wrote to him, the 23d of Auguſt, from the apartments deſtined for his future gueſt, in the palace of Berlin. The following is a tranſcript of the tranſlation :

"I have ſeen the letter which your niece wrote to "you from Paris. The friendſhip ſhe expreſſes for you "commands my eſteem. If I were Madam Denis, I "ſhould think as ſhe does ; but, being what I am, I "think otherways. I ſhould be miſerable, if I thought "myſelf the cauſe of making my enemy wretched ; "how then can I deſire the unhappineſs of the man "whom I love and eſteem, and who, for my ſake, has "given up his country, and all that has been thought "dear among men ? No, my dear Voltaire, if I could "foreſee that your removal to this country, could, in "the ſmalleſt degree, be diſadvantageous to you, I ſhould "be the firſt to diſſuade you from it. Yes, I prefer "your happineſs to the exceſſive pleaſure I ſhould "have in your company. But you are a philoſopher, "and ſo am I ; what can be more natural, more ſimple, or "more reaſonable, than that two philoſophers, who were "formed to live together, who are united by the ſame "ſtudies, and who have the ſame taſte, and the ſame "manner of thinking, ſhould enjoy that ſatisfaction ?

"I reſpect you as my maſter in eloquence and learn- "ing, and I love you as a virtuous friend ; what ſla- "very, what unhappineſs, what changes, what incon- "ſtancy of fortune, have you to dread, in a country "where you are as highly valued as in your own, and "with a friend who has a grateful heart ? I have not "the fooliſh preſumption to think Berlin equal to Paris. "If riches, grandeur, and magnificence make a city "agreeable, Berlin muſt yield to Paris. If there is a "particular place to be found in the world, where fine "taſte more generally prevails than in any other, I "know, and allow, it is in Paris ; but do you not carry "that taſte with you wherever you go ? We have "powers ſufficient to praiſe your merits, and, as to ſen- "timent, we will not yield to any country upon earth. "I reſpected the friendſhip which attached you to Ma-

"dame Chatellet, but, after her, I am one of your oldest friends. What! because you consent to retire to my house, shall it be said that that house becomes your prison? Shall I become your tyrant, because I am your friend? I confess to you I do not understand this kind of logic; I am firmly persuaded, that you will be very happy here, as long as I live: you will be looked upon as the father of letters, and of men of taste; and you will find every comfort in me, which a man of your merit can expect from one who values him. Good night. FREDERIC."

The King of Prussia, after this letter, asked the consent of the King of France, by his Minister, at the court of Versailles; the King of France readily granted it.—Our author was presented, at Berlin, with the Order of Merit, the Key of Chamberlain, and a pension of twenty thousand livres, yet he did not give up his house in Paris, as it appears by the accounts of his notary, but Voltaire was at an expence of thirty thousand livres a year there.

He was attached to the King of Prussia, by the most respectful regard, as well as by a conformity of taste.—He has repeatedly declared, that that Monarch was as amiable in company, as he was formidable at the head of an army; and that he never had more agreeable supper parties, even at Paris, than those to which that Prince was pleased constantly to admit him. His regard for the King of Prussia rose to a degree of enthusiasm. His apartments were immediately under the King's, and he never left them but to go to supper. The King composed his works, in philosophy, history, and poetry, in the upper, while his favourite cultivated the same arts, and the same talents, in the lower apartments. They communicated their works to one another. The Prussian Monarch wrote his Memoirs of the House of Brandenburgh at Potzdam, and the French author, having carried his materials with him, wrote his Age of Louis XIV. at the same place. Thus did his days glide along, enlivened by such agreeable pursuits.

In the mean time his *Orestes*, and *Rome Preserved*, were performed at Paris. *Orestes* was brought on at the

end of the year 1749; and *Rome Preserved*, in 1750. These two pieces, like his *Merope* and *The Death of Cæsar*, are entirely free from any love affair. He expressed a desire to banish from the stage every thing not calculated to excite the emotions proper to tragedy. He considered *Electra*, in love, as a monster dressed in dirty ribbons; and this sentiment he has expressed in several of his works.

It must be acknowledged, that nothing could be more agreeable, to our author, than this kind of life, or do more honour to philosophy and literature. This happiness would have been more lasting, had it not been for a dispute on a subject of mathematical philosophy, which arose in 1752, between Maupertuis, who resided, at that time, with the King of Prussia, and Kienig, librarian to the Princess of Orange, at the Hague. This dispute was a continuation of that which, for a long time, had divided the mathematicians, about the living and the dead ——. The contest, at length, became very serious, and Maupertuis prevailed on the Academy, at Berlin, to condemn Kienig's opinion, on the authority of a letter of the late Leibnitz, without being able to produce the original: Maupertuis did more than this— he wrote to the Princess of Orange, requesting her to dismiss Kienig from his employment, as Librarian; and represented him to the King of Prussia as a man who had been wanting in the respect due to his Majesty. Voltaire, having passed two years at Cirey, with Kienig, who was his intimate friend, thought it his duty openly to espouse his cause.

The quarrel became violent, and the study of philosophy degenerated into faction and cabal. Maupertuis caused it to be reported at court, that one day, when General Manstein happened to be in Voltaire's apartments, who was then translating, into French, *The Memoirs of Russia*, composed by that officer, the King sent some of his verses, as usual, for his inspection, and that Volaire said to Manstein:

"Let us leave off for the present, my friend; you see

"the King has sent me his dirty linen to wash; I will "wash your's another time."

A single word has often ruined a man at court; Maupertuis imputed such a word to Voltaire, and succeeded.

Our author, in the most respectful manner, returned the Key of Chamberlain, and the Cross of his Order, to the King, with some verses, of which the following is a translation:

These once with pleasure I receiv'd,
But now return with pain;
His mistress' picture, inly griev'd,
Thus yields the jealous swain!

The king sent him back the key and ribbon. Our author then set out to pay a visit to the Duchess of Saxe Gotha, who constantly honoured him with her friendship till her death. He wrote, for her Highness, *The Annals of the Empire*, about a year after; a work which was entirely new modelled, in his *Essay on the History of the Genius and Manners of Nations*.

While he remained at Saxe Gotha, Maupertuis plied all his artillery against him, of which he was made sensible, when he arrived at Frankfort on the Mayne, where his niece, Madame Denis, had appointed to meet him.

An honest German, who neither loved the French, nor their verses, came to him, and, in bad French, demanded the works in *poeshie* of the King, his master. Our traveller replied, that the works in *poeshie* were, with the rest of his effects, at Leipsic. The German gave him to understand, that he would not be suffered to leave Frankfort till these works arrived. Voltaire gave him his Chamberlaine's Key and his Cross, and promised to restore what was demanded from him, upon which the messenger signed the following note:

"Sir,

"So soon as the large bale from Leipsic shall be here, "where is the work of *poeshie* of the King my master, "you may depart wherever you think proper.

"Frankfort, June 1, 1753."

The priſoner wrote at the bottom of the note:

"*Good for the work of poeſhie of the King, your maſter.*"

But when the verſes arrived, it was pretended there were ſome bills of exchange expected, which did not arrive. The travellers were detained fifteen days, on account of theſe pretended bills; and at laſt they were not permitted to depart, without paying a conſiderable ranſom.

But the coolneſs between the king and our author was ſoon forgotten by both parties; the king ſent back his verſes to his old admirer, and ſoon after a conſiderable number of new ones. It was a love quarrel;—the bickerings of a court ſoon die away, but a laudable ruling paſſion, will long continue. Our French traveller, on reading over again the King's affecting letter, which we have before tranſcribed, felt his former tenderneſs return, and exclaimed: "After ſuch a letter, I muſt certainly have been greatly in the wrong."

Voltaire had a little eſtate in Alſace, in the territories of the Duke of Wirtemberg, to which he repaired, and amuſed himſelf with printing his *Annals of the Empire*, which he preſented to a bookſeller at Colmar, who was brother to Shoefflin, profeſſor of hiſtory at Straſburg. The bookſeller's affairs were much deranged, and Voltaire lent him five thouſand livres. This circumſtance was mentioned as a refutation of one among the numerous calumnies of his enemies, who have falſely aſſerted, that he made an immenſe fortune by the ſale of his works.

While he was at Colmar, two brothers, reſpectable citizens of Geneva, wrote to him, requeſting him to come and print his works there; accordingly he complied, and gave his works to them in the ſame manner as he had to the bookſeller at Colmar; that is to ſay, as a preſent. He then went to Geneva with his niece, and his friend Mr. Coligny, who had acted as his ſecretary, and was afterwards ſecretary and librarian to the elector Palatine.

He purchaſed a neat villa near Geneva, on a ſpot where there is the fineſt view in Europe; and another at Lauſanne: but both of them upon condition that a certain ſum ſhould be returned when he quitted them. It is remarked by his biographer, that, it was the firſt inſtance of a Roman Catholic's obtaining an eſtabliſhment in theſe cantons, ſince the times of Zuinglius and Calvin.

Voltaire likewiſe purchaſed two eſtates in the *Pays de Gex*, about a league from Geneva. But his principal reſidence was at Ferney, of which he made a preſent to Madame Denis: it was a ſeignory, which had been abſolutely free from all duties to the king, and from every kind of impoſt ſince the time of Henry IV. There are not two eſtates in all the other provinces of the kingdom which enjoy ſimilar privileges; the king confirmed theſe privileges to him by a warrant. For this favour, Voltaire was indebted to the Duke de Choiſeul, a nobleman of unbounded generoſity, though he had not the honour of being perſonally known to him.

The little *Pays de Gex* was at this time almoſt a deſert. Four ſcore ploughs had been laid aſide, ever ſince the revocation of the edict of Nantz; half the country was a continued moraſs, which ſpread infection and diſeaſe. Our author's ambition was to ſettle in ſome forſaken canton, and to raiſe it to a flouriſhing condition. As a proof that he was actuated by this liberal principle, we tranſcribe one of his letters to the Biſhop, in whoſe dioceſe Ferney is ſituated.

"SIR,

"The curate of the little village of N——, in the "neighbourhood of my eſtate, has commenced a ſuit "againſt my tenants at Ferney, and having frequently "left his cure to carry it on at Dijon, he eaſily over-"powers the farmers, who are wholly employed in la-"bour for their daily ſupport. He charges them fif-"teen hundred livres coſts of ſuit, and has the cruelty "to include in thoſe coſts, the expence of the journies "he has taken for the purpoſe of their ruin. You, "Sir, know better than I how the Popes, in the early

"ages of the church, were incensed against the cler-
"gy, who sacrificed to temporal affairs, that time
"which should have been devoted to the service of
"the altar. But if they had been told that a priest
"came with officers of justice to extort money from
"their families, to oblige them to part with the only
"meadow which they had to feed their cattle in, and
"to take the milk from their children, what would the
"Irenœses, the Jeroms, and the Augustins have said?
"This, Sir, is what this curate has done at the gate of
"my castle. I sent to let him know that I would pay
"the greatest part of what he exacted from my tenants,
"but he answered, that this would not satisfy him.
"You will, no doubt, recoil at the thought of any
"pastor of the true church setting such horrid exam-
"ples, while there is not a single instance of a Protes-
"tant clergyman having entered into a law-suit with
"his parishioners, about money matters*."

This letter, and the event of the affair to which it relates, suggested some pleasing reflections. Mon. de Voltaire put an end to the process, by paying himself the claims which oppressed his poor tenants, and this wretched district very soon changed its appearance. Thus our author extricated himself most pleasantly out of a dispute, in the protestant part of the country, where he had very pleasant villas; one at Geneva, which was called the House of Delights, and the other at Lusanne.

As love of liberty and aversion to persecution are known to have constituted the leading traits of his character, this principle induced him to look with horror upon those hypocrites, who, under the venerable sanction of religion, presumed to inflict the most dreadful punishments on those whom they accused of differing from them in sentiment. On such occasions, he used to repeat,

"Je ne decide, entra Genève & Rome.
"I decide not between Geneva and Rome."

* In the Protestant Cantons, the clergy are paid their salaries by the State, which obviates the oppressions and calamities here complained of.

From many circumſtances it appears that he recommended toleration to the proteſtants as well as to the catholics; and he conſtantly affirmed it was the only means of making life tolerable, and that he would be content to die, if he could eſtabliſh theſe maxims in Europe. Nor did he wholly fail in his deſign, it being evident that he contributed in a great degree to render the clergy, from Geneva to Madrid, more lenient and humane, and the laity more eaſy and happy.

Being perſuaded that repreſentation of dramatic works of genius tended as much to ſoften the manners of the people, as the exhibitions of gladiators formerly did to harden them, he conſtructed an elegant little theatre at Ferney; and notwithſtanding his impaired ſtate of health, ſometimes performed himſelf; his niece, Madame Denis, who poſſeſſed eminent talents for elocution, as well as for muſic, acted ſeveral parts there. The celebrated Mademoiſelle Clairon, and M. Lekain alſo performed in ſome pieces on that ſtage; and people came from a conſiderable diſtance to attend theſe repreſentations. He ſometimes had ſumptuous ſuppers, of an hundred covers, and ſplendid balls; yet, notwithſtanding his advanced age, and the appearance of a life of gaiety, he never diſcontinued his ſtudies. On the 20th of Auguſt, 1755, he brought his *Orphan of China* upon the ſtage at Paris, and *Tancred* on the 3d of September 1760, Madamoiſelle Clairon and Mon. Lekain, the two principal performers at that time in Paris, diſplayed all their powers in thoſe pieces.

The *Coffee-houſe*, or the *Scotchwoman* was alſo introduced that year, and met with great applauſe. This comedy, tranſlated into Engliſh, by Mr. Colman, under the title of the *Engliſh Merchant*, had as great a run in London as in Paris. Theſe works, according to our author's biographer, occupied very little time in compoſing; the *Scotchwoman* is ſaid to have been written in ten days, and *Tancred* in a month.

In the midſt of theſe employments and amuſements, Mon. Titon du Tillet, who had formerly been maſter

in ordinary of the queen's houshold, and was now eighty-five years of age, recommended to the notice of Mon. de Voltaire, a grand-daughter of the great Corneille, who was entirely destitute of money and friends. This Mon. Titon du Tillet, being an admirer of the fine arts, caused a figure of Mount Parnassus to be constructed in bronze, at a considerable expence, in which are seen the statues of several French poets and musicians. This monument was placed in the king's library.

Mon. du Titon had educated Mademoiselle Corneille in his own house; but his fortune being impaired, he thought the most essential service he could render her, would be to recommend her to so respectable a character as Mon. de Voltaire. Mon. du Mallard, a member of several academies, known by a learned and judicious dissertation on the ancient and modern tragedies of Electra; and Mon. le Brun, secretary to the Prince of Coorti united with him in an application to Mon. de Voltaire. Our author thanked them for the honour they had done him by the application; liberally observing, "*That it was no more than the duty of an old* "*soldier, to serve the grand-daughter of his general.*" The young lady came to his country house of *Delices*, near Geneva, in 1760, and went from thence to his castle at Ferney. Madame Denis most cheerfully undertook to finish her education; and at the end of three years, Mon. de Voltaire married her to Mon. Dupnis of the *Pays de Gex*, a captain, and since that time a field officer in the dragoons.

Besides the portion he gave them, our author proposed to write a commentary on the works of Peter Corneille, for the benefit of his descendant, and to print it by subscription. The King of France was pleased to subscribe eight thousand livres, and some foreign princes followed his example: the Duke de Choiseul, the Duchess de Grammont, and Madame de Pompadour subscribed considerable sums. Mon. de la Barde, the king's banker, not only took a number of copies, but occasioned so great a number to be sold, that, by his

zeal and liberality, he was the principal founder of Mademoiſelle Corneille's fortune; ſo that in a ſhort time ſhe had fifty thouſand livres for a wedding dowry.

In the courſe of this rapid ſubſcription, a ſingular circumſtance occurred on the part of Madame de Geoffrin, (mentioned by Lord Cheſterfield, in his letters to his ſon) a lady of celebrated wit and merit, who had been executrix to Bernard de Fontenelle, the nephew of Peter Corneille. Mon. de Fontenelle unfortunately had forgotten this relation, who not being preſented to him till too ſhort time before his death, was diſmiſſed, together with her father and mother, as impoſtors, who had aſſu med the name Corneille. Some friends, affected by the fate of this unfortunate family, indiſcreetly commen ced a raſh proſecution againſt Madame de Geoffrin, employed a counſellor, and uttered many ſcurrilous and defamatory expreſſions againſt the lady; but no evidence being adduced to ſubſtantiate the accuſation, Madame Geoffrin nonſuited her opponents: and notwithſtanding the bad treatment ſhe had experienced, ſhe had the generoſity to forget it, and was the firſt to ſubſcribe a conſiderable ſum.

The academy as a body, the Duke de Choiſeul, the Ducheſs de Grammont, and Madame de Pompadour, and a number of nobility gave Mon. de Voltaire a power to ſign the contract of marriage for them.

While our author was preparing for this marriage, he enjoyed the pleaſing ſatisfaction of being the means of aſſiſting ſix young men, moſt of them minors, in the recovery of their paternal eſtate, which had been purchaſed by the Jeſuits at a rate greatly inferior to the value. This circumſtance is the more intereſting, as it began before the bankruptcy of the Jeſuit Lavallare and Company, and was in a manner the firſt ſignal of the ſuppreſſion of the Jeſuits in France.

The Meſſieurs Deprez de Craſſi were ſix brothers of an ancient and noble family in the *Pays de Gex*, on the borders of Switzerland, and all in the king's ſervice. One of them, a captain in the regiment of Paix Pont,

in converſation with his neighbour Voltaire, gave him an account of the impaired condition of the family eſtate, which was of conſiderable value, and might have proved a reſource to them, but had been mortgaged a long time to ſome people at Geneva.

The Jeſuits had purchaſed ſome lands adjoining to it, in a place called Ornex, to which new acquiſition they were deſirous of annexing the eſtate of Meſſieurs de Craſſi. The ſuperior of the Jeſuits, whoſe real name was Feſſe, which he had changed to Feſſi, adjuſted matters with the Geneveſe creditors, ſo as to purchaſe the lands. He obtained permiſſion of the council, and was on the point of having it confirmed at Dijon: being told that there were minors, who, notwithſtanding the permiſſion of the council, might recover their poſſeſſions, he replied, in writing, that the Jeſuits ran no riſk, as the Meſſieurs de Craſſi would never have it in their power to advance the money which would be required for the recovery of their paternal eſtate. Mon. de Voltaire was no ſooner informed of the extraordinary meaſures taken by Father Feſſe, than he applied to the clerk of the Bailiwick of Gex, and depoſited a ſufficient ſum in his hands to anſwer the claims of the original creditors, ſo that the family of Craſſi might recover their rights. The Jeſuits were obliged to deſiſt, and the family, by a decree of the parliament of Dijon, were put in poſſeſſion of their eſtate.

It was certainly neither perſonal hatred for Father Feſſe, nor any particular prejudice againſt the Jeſuits, that induced Voltaire to engage in this affair; for, after the ſuppreſſion of their order, he took one of them into his houſe, and ſeven others applied to him for protection. Some of the Ex-Jeſuits wrote defamatory libels againſt him; the moſt pointed of which were refuted by a learned friend of our author's, Mon. Damanavile, who was principally concerned in the Encyclopedia.

Several perſons of eminence at that time engaged Mon. de Voltaire to write his treatiſe on toleration, which is conſidered as one of his beſt works in proſe, about

the ſame time the Empreſs Catharine was giving a code of laws to her empire, the firſt of which was, the eſtabliſhment of toleration.

It was the fate of our recluſe on the borders of Switzerland, to vindicate the innocence of thoſe who were accuſed and condemned in France. The ſituation of his retreat, between France, Switzerland, Geneva, and Savoy, drew to him many unfortunate perſons. The whole family of *Sirwen*, condemned to death in a little town near Caſtres, by incompetent judges, fled for ſhelter to his eſtate. Though he was engaged eight years in procuring them juſtice, he was not diſcouraged, and at length ſucceeded.

His kind ſtars (to uſe his own expreſſion) which permitted him to be the pleader of the cauſe of the unfortunate, likewiſe decreed that he ſhould reſcue from the flames, a woman of St. Omer's, who had been condemned to be burnt alive, by the tribunal of Arras. They waited only for her being delivered, to carry her to the place of execution; her huſband had already expired on the wheel. This innocent couple had been accuſed of parricide, and condemned upon allegations of the moſt dubitable nature. Mon. de Voltaire was ſo fortunate as to procure an order from the Chancellor de Maupeore for a reviſal of the proceedings. The woman was declared innocent, and the ſtain wiped off from the memory of her huſband, a miſerable reparation without ſatisfaction or recompence.

The city of Geneva was immerſed in troubles, which had been increaſing from the year 1763. Theſe diſturbances determined Voltaire to give up his houſe of *Delights*, and to reſide conſtantly at the caſtle of Ferney, which he had entirely rebuilt, and ornamented with gardens laid out with exquiſite taſte.

The quarrel at Geneva roſe to ſuch a degree by the year 1770, that one party fired upon another, ſeveral were killed, and a number of tradeſmen with their families came and begged an aſylum with Mon. de Voltaire, which he immediately granted. Some of them he

received into his caſtle, and in a few years had fifty houſes of hewn ſtone built for the reſt; ſo that the village of Ferney, which, at the time he purchaſed it, was only a wretched hamlet, tenanted by about fifty miſerable peaſants, devoured by poverty, diſeaſe, and tax-gatherers, very ſoon became an agreeable place, inhabited by twelve hundred people, all comfortably ſituated, and ſucceſsfully employed for themſelves and the ſtate. The Duke de Choiſeul protected this infant colony to the utmoſt of his power, ſo that they were ſoon in a ſituation to carry on a conſiderable trade.

It is worthy of remark, that though this colony was compoſed of Roman Catholics and Proteſtants, it would have been impoſſible to diſcover there were two different religions in Ferney. The moſt familiar intercourſe ſubſiſted between them: when a Catholic was ſick, the Proteſtants went to nurſe him; and they met with the like aſſiſtance when they were in need of it. This was the effect of thoſe principles of humanity which Mon. de Voltaire had recommended in all his works, but more particularly in his treatiſe on toleration. He always ſaid, that all mankind were brothers, and it was from facts that he reaſoned.

Amongſt the great number of ſtrangers who viſited Ferney, there were more than one ſovereign prince. Several of them honoured him with a conſtant correſpondence; the moſt uninterrupted, was that of the King of Pruſſia and his ſiſter the Princeſs Wilhelmina, Margravine of Bareith.

The time which elapſed between the battle of Kolin, on the 18th of June 1757, when the King of Pruſſia was defeated, and the affair of Roſback on the 5th of November, where he was victorious, is the moſt intereſting period of this correſpondence, which is a rare inſtance of a literary intercourſe being kept up between a royal family of heroes and a plain man of letters: of this we have a proof in the following memorable letter, from her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Bareith, of the 12th of September 1757.

"I was ſenſibly affected by your letter; and that

"which you inclosed to me for the king had the same "effect upon him. I hope you will be pleased with that "part of his answer which concerns you; but you will be "as little satisfied with his resolutions as I am. I had "flattered myself with the hope that your reflections "would have made some impression upon his mind, but "by the enclosed note you will see the contrary. No-"thing remains for me but to follow his destiny, if it "should be unfortunate. I never prided myself on "being a philosopher, but I have done my endeavour "to become one. The little progress I have made, has "taught me to despise riches and grandeur; but I have "found nothing in philosophy which can heal the wounds "of the heart, except it be the getting rid of all ills by "ceasing to live. My present situation is worse than "death. I see the greatest man of the age, reduced to "the most dreadful extremity. I see my whole family "exposed to perils and dangers; my native country torn "to pieces by merciless enemies; and the country where "I am at present threatened with similar misfortunes. "Would to heaven that the evils I mention had fallen "upon me alone!—I would suffer them with stea-"diness.

"Pardon this detail; but the share you take in what "ever regards me, induces me to open my heart to you. "Alas! even hope is almost banished from it. For-"tune, when she changes, is as constant in her persecu-"tions as in her favours. History is full of these ex-"amples; but I have never seen a situation like ours, "nor so cruel or inhuman a war, carried on among ci-"civilized nations. If you knew the situation of Ger-"many and Prussia, it would draw tears from your eyes. "The cruelties which the Russians commit in Prussia, "make nature shudder! How happy are you in your "hermitage, reposing under the shade of your laurels, "and deliberately philosophising on the misconduct of "men! I wish you all possible happiness there.

"If fortune should smile on us again, you may de-"pend upon my acknowledgments: I shall never forget "the proofs of attachment which you have given me;

"my sensibility shall be my pledge. I am never a "friend by halves, and I shall always be truly one to "brother Voltaire.

WILHELMINA.

"Present my compliments to Madame Denis. Con-"tinue, I intreat you, to write to the King."

France was so impoverished by this war, and such was the want of money, for some years after the peace, that the Comptroller-general was obliged on a pressing occasion, to seize all the cash that had been deposited by individuals in the hands of the king's banker. Two hundred thousand livres were taken from our Recluse. It was an enormous loss, but, like a true Frenchman, he consoled himself by an extempore madrigal upon receiving the news of his misfortune. We present it to our readers in English.

In zenith of the Roman power,
Horacé his patron thus address'd:
When will you cease your gifts to shower?
Less generous is a Frenchman's breast,
Though always in a civil way;
I this request might fairly make,
Now good Comptroller, please to say,
When will your lordship cease to take.

The colony, which Voltaire had founded at Ferney, had already began to be employed successfully for Spain, Germany, and Italy. The Empress of Russia bought watches at Ferney to the amount of fifty thousand livres. She made considerable presents to some of the principal artists, and sent a prince of her court to Mon. de Voltaire with some valuable furs, and a box turned with her own hands, ornamented with her picture set in diamonds. One might suppose this to be the history of Aboulcassmem, in the Arabian Nights. Mon. de Voltaire observed in a letter of acknowledgement to her Imperial Majesty, that "She had certainly "taken all Mustapha's treasures in one of her victories." She replied, "*That with economy we are always rich,* "*and that in this great war she would neither feel the* "*loss of men or money.*"

In the mean time, Mon. Pigal, the famous ſtatuary, was employed at Paris in making a ſtatue of Voltaire the hermit of Ferney. It was a foreign lady who made the propoſal to ſeveral men, eminent for their learning and liberality. The idea was eagerly adopted, but upon condition that men of letters only ſhould be admitted as ſubſcribers to the undertaking.

The King of Pruſſia, as a man of letters, wrote to Mon. d'Alembert, expreſſing his deſire of being among the firſt to ſubſcribe. His letter of the 28th of July is lodged in the archives of the academy: the following is a tranſcript of the tranſlation.

"The fineſt monument of Voltaire is that which he "himſelf hath erected in his works. They will laſt "longer than the dome of Saint Peter's, the Louvre, "and all thoſe buildings which vanity has conſecrated "to eternity. When the French language ſhall be no "longer ſpoken, Voltaire will be tranſlated into the "language which ſhall next ſucceed it. In the mean "time, filled with the pleaſure which his productions, "ſo various, and each ſo perfect in its kind, have given me, "I cannot, without ingratitude, reject the propoſal you "have made me of contributing to the monument which "is to be erected for him, as a proof of public grati-"tude. You will only let me know what is expected "from me. I will not refuſe any thing for a ſtatue "which does more honour to the men of letters who erect "it, than it poſſibly can to Voltaire. It will be ſaid, "that, in the ſeventeenth century, in which ſo many "men of letters were tearing one another to pieces "through envy, ſome were found who were noble and "generous enough to do juſtice to a man whoſe genius "and talents were ſuperior to every age; that we de-"ſerved to poſſeſs Voltaire; and our lateſt poſterity "will envy us that ſingular advantage. To diſtinguiſh "celebrated men, and to do juſtice to their merit, is to "encourage talents and virtue. It is the only recom-"pence of elevated minds, and is juſtly due to thoſe "who cultivate letters in an eminent degree. They "procure the pleaſures of the mind, which are more

"laſting than thoſe of the body; they ſoften the moſt "ſavage manners; they ſpread charms over the whole "courſe of life; they render our exiſtence more ſupporta- "ble, and death leſs terrible. Continue then, Gentle- "men, to protect and celebrate all thoſe in France who "apply themſelves to theſe purſuits and are ſo happy "as to ſucceed in them. This will be the greateſt ho- "nour you can poſſibly do your nation.

"FREDERIC."

His Pruſſian Majeſty did more: he cauſed a ſtatue of Voltaire to be made in his fine porcelain, and ſent to him with the word *Immortality* inſcribed upon the pedeſtal. Voltaire wrote under it the lines thus tranſlated.

You're generous, Sire; your royal bounty deigns
To crown my labours with too rich reward,
When ſtealing age unnerves your feeble bard,
You grant him an eſtate in your domains.

Voltaire predicted what was ſoon verified; for he was attacked by all the paltry ſcribblers of that day: on which occaſion he made the following facetious obſervation, in a letter to Mon. Tiriot. "*All theſe gentle- "men deſerve ſtatues much better than I do*; *and I con- "feſs there are ſome of them, who are extremely worthy "of being publicly expoſed in effigy*."

At the advanced age of ſeventy eight years, our author re-wrote, in one year, the *Sophoniſba of Maires*, and compoſed his tragedy of the *Laws of Minos*. He did not conſider theſe productions, which were written in haſte, merely for the theatre in his own caſtle, as worthy of being ranked with thoſe pieces which coſt him much pains, and were the effect of great exertions of mind; and therefore after they had been performed, they were laid aſide in manuſcript, without any deſign of tranſmitting them to poſterity.

Voltaire received a number of letters fraught with abuſe; ſome of which were ſigned *Clement*. He was a tutor in a college at Dijon, and had attacked ſeveral other members of the academy with ſingular acrimony: but Voltaire treated him with the ſcorn and contempt

he deſerved, from the following tranſlation of his verſes upon the occaſion.

Clement to me has often writ,
But anſwer never will receive,
I ſurely ſhould have loſt my wit
To quarrel with the railing knave.
Had Clement Marot ſent a letter,
In ſooth he had been treated better.

Our author, though oppreſſed with years and infirmities, was in general buſily employed. His Epiſtle to Boileau, his Epiſtle to Horace, the Tactics, the Dialogue of Pegaſus, and ſeveral other little pieces of that kind, were written at the age of eighty-two. He alſo wrote, in conjunction with other men of literature, ſeveral of the *Queſtions, on the Encyclopædia.*

In order to expoſe the infamy, and conſign to deſerved contempt, thoſe deſpicable wretches who arrogate the title of men of letters, Voltaire compoſed a little piece, called *Le Pauvre Diable*, (*The Poor Devil*) in which he made it appear that the moſt menial and ſervile ſituation in a reſpectable family, was infinitely preferable to dragging a miſerable exiſtence in a garret, by vending libels, in which they judge kings, aſperſe female characters, govern ſtates, and circulate ſcandal, without the leaſt pretence to genius, or even common ſenſe.

Some time before his death, Voltaire ſhewed a perfect indifference for his own works: they were continually reprinting, without his being ever acquainted with it. If an edition of the Henriade, or his tragedies, or his hiſtorical or fugitive pieces was nearly ſold off, another was inſtantly produced. He frequently wrote to the bookſellers in theſe terms; "Do not print ſuch a num-" ber of volumes of my works; a man cannot reach poſ-" terity with ſo much heavy baggage." They did not attend to him, but reprinted them in a hurry without conſulting him: and what is almoſt incredible, yet true, they printed a magnificent edition in quarto, at Geneva, without his ſeeing a ſingle page; in which they inſerted a number of pieces not written by him, the real authors of which were well known. His remark upon this oc-

caſion is very ſtriking. "*I look upon myſelf as a dead "man, whoſe effects are upon ſale.*"

The chief magiſtrate of Lauſanne, having eſtabliſhed a printing houſe in that town, publiſhed an edition which they called complete, with the name of London on the title page. Theſe editors inſerted in it a great number of little pieces in proſe and verſe, that bear not the leaſt ſimilarity to the ſtyle and manner of our author, and abound with vulgariſms incompatible with the productions of any man of genius and learning.

Many pieces, equally dull and contemptible, were carefully collected in this *complete edition* from the new works of Madame Oudot, the Almanacs of the Muſes, the Port-Folio Recovered, and other works of genius, which decorated the *Pont neuf*, and the quay of the Theatres at Paris, places where they expoſed the refuſe of the preſs, in the ſame manner as formerly at Grub-ſtreet in London. They may be found in great abundance in the twenty-third volume of the Lauſanne edition. Such traſh is only fit to be conſigned to the vileſt uſes; yet the editors had the effrontery to inſert in the title page of the diſguſting inſipidities, *the whole reviſed and corrected by the author* who had not ſeen a ſingle page of them.

When ſome of his letters were counterfeited and printed in Holland, under the title of Private Letters, he parodied an old epigram: the following is a tranſlation.

Lo! then expos'd to public ſight,
My private letters ſee the light;
So private that none ever read 'em,
Save they who printed, and who made 'em.

Thus it appears, that the name of Voltaire has been moſt illiberally proſtituted to ſubſerve the purpoſes of malevolence, venality, and impoſture: but it muſt be admitted, upon the whole, that though he gave inconteſtable proofs of exalted genius and profound erudition, ſome of his productions, from their licentious tendency, are highly exceptionable, and of ſuch a nature as we can neither publiſh nor recommend to the notice of our readers.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY
TO THE
SULTANA SHERAA.

THE EIGHTEENTH OF THE MONTH SCHEVAL, IN THE YEAR OF THE HEGIRA 837.

DELIGHT of every eye, torment of every heart, divine light of the mind! I kiss not the dust from thy feet, because thou seldom art seen out of the seraglio, and when thou art, thou walkest only on the carpets of Iran, or on beds strewed with roses. I here present you with a translation of the performance of an ancient sage, who having, happily, an independent fortune, and his time at his own disposal, amused himself with writing the history of Zadig; a work containing more instruction than probably you may at first imagine. I entreat you to indulge me so far as to peruse it; and then pass your impartial judgment upon it; for although you are in the bloom of life; though every pleasure invites you; though you are Nature's darling, and your mental accomplishments are equal to the beauties of your person; tho' the world resounds your praises from morning till evening, and consequently gives you a just claim to a degree of understanding superior to the rest of your sex; yet your wit is not offensive, though

sprightly, your taste is refined, your imagination is lively and fertile, and I have frequently had the honour to hear you converse more learnedly than the wisest dervise, with his venerable beard and pointed bonnet. Though discreet, you are not mistrustful; though gentle and mild, not weak; you exercise your beneficence with discernment; you manifest your love for your friends, but you create yourself no enemies. Your sprightly sallies of wit are not sullied by detraction; nor is a misbecoming word ever heard to escape your lips. You detest the exercise of ill-nature, though it is constantly in your power. In short, your person is unexceptionable, and your soul immaculate; and, as you possess a degree of philosophy, I flatter myself you will derive more pleasure from the perusal of this work than any other lady of your exalted rank.

It was originally composed in the Chaldean language, with which both you and I are unacquainted. The Sultan Oulong-beg caused it to be translated into Arabic, for his own amusement. It was first published at the time the Arabian and Persian Tales of a Thousand and One Days, and a Thousand and one Nights, were so much admired. The sultan delighted in

in Zadig, but his ladies preferred the Thousand and One. 'How can you,' said the wise Oulong, 'prefer those stories which have neither sense nor meaning?' 'Oh!' replied the sultanas, 'the less sense they possess the more they are in taste; and the less their merit, the greater their commendation.'

I flatter myself, thou patroness of wisdom, that thou wilt not resemble those thoughtless sultanas, thy predecessors, but deign to adopt the sentiments, of Oulong. I even hope that when thou art wearied with the conversation of those who take delight in such frivolous romances as the Thousand and One, I shall be permitted for a moment to entertain thee with a rational history. Hadst thou been Thalestris, in the time of Scandar, the son of Philip; hadst thou been the queen of Sheba, in the reign of Solomon; those monarchs would have been proud to have visited thee.

May the celestial powers grant that thy pleasures may meet no interruption; thy charms know no decay; and thy felicity be everlasting.

APPROBATION.

I WHO have subscribed my name hereto, ambitious of being thought a man of wit and learning, have perused the manuscript, which I find, to my great mortification, amusing, moral, philosophical, and fit to be read even by those who have an utter aversion to romances ; for which reason, I have depreciated it, as it deserves, and have in direct terms told the CADI-LESQUIER *that it is a most detestable performance.*

* * * *

ZADIG:

OR,

THE BOOK OF FATE.

CHAP. I.

THE BLIND OF ONE EYE.

IN the reign of King Moabdar, there was a young man, a native of Babylon, named Zadig, who was not only endowed by nature with an extraordinary genius, but born of illuſtrious parents, who beſtowed on him an education in every reſpect ſuitable to his birth.

Though rich and young, he knew how to moderate his paſſions; he was free from affectation; and as he did not always act up to the ſtricteſt rules of reaſon himſelf, he looked on the foibles of others with candour and indulgence.

Every one was ſurpriſed to find, that, notwithſtanding he had ſuch a fund of wit, he never inſulted, nor expoſed by his raillery, any of his companions, for that noiſy and confuſed diſcourſe, for thoſe raſh reflections, thoſe haſty concluſions, and thoſe inſipid jokes; and, in ſhort, for that redundance of unmeaning words, which was called polite converſation in Babylon.

He had learned, from the firſt book of Zoroaſter, that ſelf love is like a bladder full blown, from which tempeſts of wind proceed whenever it is pierced. Zadig, in particular, never boaſted of his contempt of the fair ſex, or of his facility in making conqueſts among them. He was of ſo generous a ſpirit, that he was not afraid of conferring obligations even on the ungrateful: ſtrictly adhering to that maxim of

 Zoroaſter

Zoroaster, "*When you are eating give the dogs that are under the table, lest they should be tempted to bite you.*"

He acquired much wisdom; since he was fond of the company of those only who were distinguished for men of sense. As he was well-grounded in all the sciences of the ancient Chaldeans, he was no stranger to those principles of natural philosophy which were then known; and understood as much of metaphysics as any one in all ages after him; that is to say, he knew little or nothing of the matter.

He was firmly convinced that the year consisted of three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours, though directly repugnant to the new philosophy of the age he lived in; and that the sun was situated in the centre of the earth; and when the chief magi told him, with an imperious air, that he maintained erroneous principles, and that it was an indignity offered to the government under which he lived, to imagine the sun should roll round its axis, and that the year consisted of twelve months, he was wise enough to avoid the appearance of resentment or contempt.

As Zadig was immensely rich, and had consequently friends without number; and as he was of a robust constitution, and remarkably handsome; as he was endowed with ready wit, and inventive fancy; in a word, as his heart was perfectly sincere and open, he imagined himself, in some measure, qualified to be perfectly happy. For this purpose he determined to marry a young lady, named Semira, whose beauty, birth, and fortune rendered her the most desirable person in all Babylon. He had a sincere affection for her, founded on honour; and Semira conceived as tender a passion for him.

A short time before their intended union in the bands of matrimony, as they were walking together towards one of the gates of Babylon, under the shade of a row of palm-trees, that grew on the banks of the river

river Euphrates, they were beſet by a band of ruffians, armed with ſabres, bows and arrows. Theſe proved to be the guards of young Orcan, (nephew to a miniſter of ſtate,) whom the paraſites, maintained by his uncle, had perſuaded that he had permiſſion to do, with impunity, whatever he thought proper.

This young rival, though he had none of the accompliſhments to boaſt of that Zadig had, yet he imagined himſelf to be greatly his ſuperior, and, for that reaſon, was perfectly outrageous to ſee the other preferred to him.

This jealouſy, the reſult of mere vanity, induced him to think he was deeply in love with the fair Semira; and, fired with that notion, he was determined to take her away from Zadig by dint of arms.

The ruffians rudely ſeized her, and, in the tranſport of their rage, drew the blood of a beauty, the ſight of whoſe charms would have ſoftened the very tigers of mount Imaüs.

The injured lady rent the very heavens with her exclamations. 'Where's my dear huſband?' ſhe cried. 'They have torn me from the arms of the man I adore.'

She never reflected on the danger to which ſhe herſelf was expoſed; her ſole concern was for her beloved Zadig.

At the ſame time he defended her with all the reſolution which love and valour uſually inſpire. With the aſſiſtance only of two domeſtic ſervants, he put thoſe ſons of violence to flight, and conducted Semira, ſenſeleſs and bloody as ſhe was, to her own houſe.

The moment ſhe recovered, ſhe fixed her lovely eyes on her dear deliverer, and exclaimed, 'O, Zadig, 'I love thee as affectionately as if I were thy bride: 'I love thee as a man to whom I owe my life, and, 'what is dearer to me than life, the preſervation of 'my honour.'

Never

Never was paſſion more ardent than Semira's; never did the faireſt creature expreſs ſentiments more kind and tender; theſe were inſpired by gratitude for the moſt important of all benefits, and the warmeſt tranſports of a virtuous affection.

Her wounds were but ſlight, and ſhe ſoon recovered. Zadig received a wound that was much more dangerous: an unlucky arrow had grazed one of his eyes, and the orifice was deep.

Semira was inceſſant in her prayers to the gods that they might reſtore her Zadig. Her eyes were night and day overwhelmed with tears. She waited with impatience for the happy moment, when thoſe of Zadig might behold her with delight and rapture. But alas! the wounded eye grew ſo inflamed and ſwelled, that ſhe was terrified to the laſt degree. She ſent as far as Memphis, for Hermes, the celebrated phyſician, who inſtantly attended his patient with a numerous retinue.

Upon his firſt viſit, he peremptorily declared that Zadig would loſe his eye; and predicted not only the day, but the very hour when that fatal diſaſter would befal him.

'Had it been,' ſaid that great man, 'his right eye, 'I could have adminiſtered an infallible ſpecific; but, 'as it is the left, it is beyond the art of man to cure.' All Babylon, while they lamented the fate of Zadig, were aſtoniſhed at the profound penetration of Hermes. Two days after the abſceſs broke, without any application, and Zadig in a ſhort time perfectly recovered.

Hermes therefore wrote a very long and elaborate treatiſe, to prove that his wound ought not to have been healed. Zadig, however, never thought it worth his while to peruſe his learned lucubrations; but as ſoon as he could go abroad, determined to pay the lady a viſit, who had teſtified ſuch uncommon concern for his welfare, and for whoſe ſake alone he wiſhed for the reſtoration of ſight. Semira

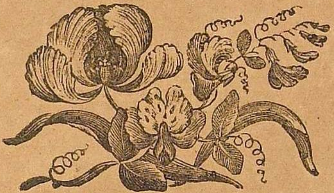
Semira he found had been three days out of town; and he was informed, at the same time, that his intended spouse, having declared an insuperable aversion to a one-eyed man, was that very night to be married to Orcan.

At this unexpected ill news, poor Zadig was greatly afflicted, and laid is disappointment so much to heart, that in a short time, through grief of heart, he became a mere skeleton. At last, however, by force of reflection, he got the better of his distemper; and the reflection of her inconstancy, in some measure, contributed towards his consolation.

'Since I have met with such an unexpected repulse,' said he, 'from a capricious court lady, I am determined to marry the daughter of some substantial citizen.'

He accordingly made choice of Azora, a young woman extremely well-bred, an excellent œconomist, and descended from respectable and opulent parents.

Their nuptials accordingly were soon after solemnized, and for a whole month successively, they enjoyed all the delights of the most affectionate attachment. In process of time, however, he perceived she possessed some degree of levity, and was too much inclined to think that the handsomest young men were always the most virtuous and witty.



CHAPTER II.

THE NOSE.

ONE day Azora, when ſhe returned home from taking a country walk, threw herſelf into a violent paſſion, and uttered the bittereſt invective. 'What my dear,' ſaid Zadig, 'has thus ruffled your temper? 'What can be the meaning of all theſe frantic exclamations?'

'Alas!' ſaid ſhe, 'you would have been diſguſted 'as much as I am, had you been an eye witneſs of 'that ſcene of female falſhood I obſerved yeſterday. 'I went to viſit the diſconſolate widow Coſrou, 'who had been theſe two days erecting a monument to 'the memory of her young deceaſed huſband, near the 'brook that runs on one ſide of her meadow. She 'made the moſt ſolemn vow, in the height of her affliction, never to ſtir from his tomb, as long as that 'rivulet took its uſual courſe.'

'Well! and wherein,' ſaid Zadig, 'is the good 'woman ſo much to blame? Is it not an inconteſtible mark of her ſuperior merit and conjugal affection?' 'But, Zadig,' ſaid Azora, 'was you to 'know how her thoughts were employed when I 'made my viſit, you never would forgive her.' 'My 'deareſt Azora, what was ſhe then about?' 'Why, 'the creature,' ſaid Azora, 'was ſtudying to find 'out ways and means to turn the current of the 'river.'

Azora, harangued ſo long, and her expreſſions were ſo fraught with invectives againſt the young widow, that her affected, oſtentatious ſhew of virtue gave Zadig a ſecret diſguſt.

He had an intimate, named Cador, whoſe ſpouſe was perfectly virtuous, and had in reality a greater regard for him than all mankind beſides. This friend Zadig made his confidant, and ſecured his fidelity, by a promiſe of ſome valuable preſent. Azora

Azora had been viſiting a female companion for two days in the country, and on the third was returning home: no ſooner, however, was ſhe in ſight of the houſe, than the ſervants ran to meet her, with tears in their eyes, and told her, that their maſter died ſuddenly the night before; that they were afraid to carry her the doleful tidings, but were going to bury Zadig in the ſepulchre of his anceſtors, at the bottom of the garden.

She burſt into a flood of tears; tore her hair; and vowed to die by his ſide. As ſoon as it was dark, young Cador came, and begged the favour to be introduced to the widow, to condole with her upon the melancholy occaſion. He was accordingly, admitted, and they both joined in their lamentations. Next day their grief abated, and they dined together. Cador informed her, that his friend had left him the greateſt part of his effects, and gave her to underſtand that he ſhould think himſelf the happieſt of men, if ſhe would condeſcend to be his partner in that demiſe.

The widow wept, ſighed, and began to be reconciled. More time was ſpent at ſupper than at dinner. They diſcourſed together with more freedom. Azora was laviſh of her encomiums on Zadig; but then it was true, ſhe ſaid, he had ſome ſecret infirmities, to which Cador was a ſtranger.

In the midſt of their midnight entertainment, Cador ſuddenly complained that he was attacked with a moſt violent pain in his ſide.

The lady, alarmed at his indiſpoſition, and eager to aſſuage his pain, flew to her cloſet of cordials, and brought down every thing ſhe imagined could be of ſervice: ſhe was concerned that the famous Hermes had left Babylon, and condeſcended to lay her warm hand upon the part affected. 'Sir,' ſaid ſhe, in a ſoft, languiſhing tone, 'are you ſubject to this tormenting malady?' 'Sometimes, Madam,' ſaid Cador, 'ſo violently, that it brings me almoſt to the

grave;

'grave; and there is but one thing that can infallibly 'cure me; which is, the application of a dead man's 'nose to the part affected.' 'Strange remedy truly,' said Azora. 'Not stranger, Madam,' said he, 'than 'the great Arnou's* infallible apoplectic necklace.'

This assurance of success, together with Cador's personal merit, determined Azora in his favour.

'After all,' said she, 'when my husband passes 'the bridge Tchimavar, from the world of yesterday, 'to the other of to-morrow, will the angel Asrail, 'think you, make any scruple about his passage, 'should his nose prove something shorter in the next 'life than it was in this?' She was determined, however, to venture: and taking up a sharp razor, repaired to her husband's tomb; watered it first with her tears, and then proposed to perform the innocent operation, as he lay extended breathless in his coffin. Zadig arose in a moment, secured his nose with one hand, and the incision knife with the other. 'Madam,' said he, 'never more exclaim against the widow 'Cosrou. The scheme for cutting off my nose is at 'least equal to her's of turning the river into a new 'channel.'

* There was at this time in Babylon a famous Doctor named Arnou, who (in the Gazettes) cured apoplectic fits, and prevented them from affecting his patients by hanging a little bag about their necks.

CHAPTER III.

THE DOG AND THE HORSE.

ZADIG found by experience, that the firſt month of matrimony (as it is written in the book of Zend) is the honey moon; but the ſecond is that of wormwood. He was ſometime after obliged, as Azora grew ſuch a termagant, and rendered his life ſo uncomfortable, to ſue out a bill of divorce, and to ſeek happineſs, in future, in the ſtudy of nature.

'Who is happier,' ſaid he, 'than the philoſopher, 'who peruſes with underſtanding that ſpacious book, 'which the ſupreme being has laid open to his intel-'lectual faculties? The truths he diſcovers there, 'are of infinite ſervice to him. He thereby cultivates 'and improves his mind. He lives in peace and 'tranquillity all his days, fears nothing from men, 'and he has no tender indulgent wife to ſhorten his 'noſe.'

Abſorbed in theſe contemplations, he retired to a little country houſe on the banks of the Euphrates: there he ſpent not his time in calculating how many inches of water ran through the arch of a bridge in a ſecond of time, nor in inquiring if a cube line of rain falls more in the mouſe-month than in that of the ram.

He formed no projects for making ſilk gloves and ſtockings out of ſpiders' webs, nor of China-ware out of broken glaſs bottles; but he chiefly inveſtigated the nature and properties of animals and plants, and ſoon, by his ſtrict and repeated enquiries, was capable of diſcerning a thouſand variations in viſible objects, that others, leſs curious, imagined all alike.

As he was one day taking a ſolitary walk by the ſide of a thicket, he ſaw one of the queen's eunuchs, with ſeveral of his attendants, coming towards him, running here and there, like perſons diſtracted, and

ſeeking, with impatience, for ſomething loſt of the utmoſt importance. 'Young man,' ſaid the queen's chief eunuch, 'have you ſeen her majeſty's dog?' Zadig very coolly replied, 'You mean her bitch, I 'preſume.' 'You anſwer right, Sir,' ſaid the eunuch; 'it is indeed a ſpaniel bitch!' 'And very ſmall,' ſaid Zadig: 'ſhe has had puppies too lately; ſhe 'limps on her left fore foot, and has long ears.' 'By 'your exact deſcription, Sir, you muſt doubtleſs 'have ſeen her,' ſaid the eunuch, almoſt out of breath. 'I have not, Sir; neither did I know, but 'by you, that the queen ever had ſuch a favourite 'bitch.'

Juſt at this critical juncture, ſo various are the turns of fortune's wheel! the beſt palfry in all the king's ſtables had broke looſe from the groom, and got upon the plains of Babylon. The principal huntſman, with all his inferior officers, were in purſuit of him, with as much concern as the eunuchs after the bitch.

The huntſman addreſſed himſelf to Zadig, and aſked him whether he had not ſeen the king's palfry run by. 'No horſe,' ſaid Zadig, 'ever galloped 'with more rapidity. He is about five feet high; 'his hoofs are very ſmall; his tail is about three feet 'ſix inches long: the ſtuds of his bit are of pure gold, 'about twenty-three carrats; and his ſhoes are of 'ſilver, about eleven penny-weights a-piece.' 'What 'courſe did he take, where is he?' ſaid the huntſman. 'I never ſaw him,' replied Zadig; 'neither did I ever 'hear, before now, that his majeſty had ſuch a 'palfrey.'

The huntſman, as well as the firſt eunuch, upon his anſwering their interrogatories ſo very exact, not doubting in the leaſt but Zadig had clandeſtinely conveyed both the bitch and the horſe away, ſecured him, and carried him before the grand deſterham, who condemned him to the knout, and to be confined for life in ſome remote and lonely part of Siberia.

No

No ſooner had the ſentence been pronounced againſt Zadig, than the horſe and bitch were both found. The judges were then under the diſagreeable neceſſity of repealing their deciſion, as the innocence of the culprit was clearly proved.

However, they laid a fine upon him of four hundred ounces of gold, for his falſe declaration, in aſſerting that he had *not* ſeen, what doubtleſs he *had* ſeen; which was ordered to be depoſited in court accordingly: but on payment he was permitted to bring his cauſe before the grand deſterham. On the day appointed for that purpoſe he opened the cauſe himſelf in terms to this effect.

'Ye bright ſtars of juſtice, ye profound abyſs of 'univerſal knowledge, ye mirrors of equity, who 'have in you the ſolidity of lead, the inflexibility of 'ſteel, the luſtre of the diamond, and the reſemblance 'of the pureſt gold! ſince ye have condeſcended ſo far 'as to admit of my addreſs to this auguſt aſſembly, I 'here, in the moſt ſolemn manner, ſwear to you by 'Oroſmades, that I never ſaw the queen's moſt il'luſtrious bitch, not the ſacred palfrey of the king 'of kings.

'I will, however, be ingenuous, and declare the 'truth, and nothing but the truth. As I was walking 'by the thicket's ſide, where I met with her ma'jeſty's moſt venerable chief eunuch, and the king's 'moſt illuſtrious principal huntſman, I perceived, 'upon the ſand, the footſteps of an animal, and I 'eaſily inferred that they were thoſe of a dog.

'The ſeveral ſmall, though long ridges of ſand 'between the footſteps of the creature, gave me 'juſt grounds to imagine that it was a bitch, whoſe teats 'hung down; and for that reaſon, I concluded ſhe 'had but lately pupped.

'As I obſerved likewiſe other traces, in ſome de'gree different, which ſeemed to have grazed all the 'way upon the ſurface of the ſand, on the ſides of 'the fore-feet, I knew ſhe muſt have had long ears.

'And, as I discerned, with some degree of curiosity, 'that the sand was every where less hollowed by one 'foot in particular, than by the other three, I con-'ceived that the bitch of our most august queen was 'a little lame, if I may presume so to say.

'As to the palfrey of the king of kings, give 'me leave to inform you, that as I was walking 'down the lane by the thicket side, I took particular 'notice of the prints made upon the sand by a horse's 'shoes; and found that their distances were in exact 'proportion.

'From this observation I concluded the palfrey 'galloped well. In the next place, the dust on the 'trees in a lane seven feet broad, was here and there 'swept off, both on the right and on the left, about 'three feet and six inches from the middle of the road. 'For which reason I pronounced the tail of the palfrey, 'with which he had whisked off the dust on both sides, 'to be three feet and a half long.

'Again, I perceived under the trees, which formed 'a kind of bower of five feet high, some leaves that 'had lately fallen to the ground, and I was sensible 'the horse must have shook them off, from whence 'I conjectured he was five feet high.

'As to the bits of the bridle, I knew they must be 'of gold, and of the value of twenty-three carats, 'for he had rubbed the studs upon a certain stone, 'which I knew to be a touch-stone, by an experiment 'that I had made of it. To conclude, by the prints 'which his shoes had left on some flint stones of 'another nature, I judged his shoes were silver, and 'of the fineness I before mentioned.'

The whole bench of judges stood astonished at the profundity of Zadig's discernment, and the news was soon carried to the king and queen.

Zadig was not only the whole subject of the court's conversation, but his name was mentioned with the utmost veneration in the king's chambers, and in his privy council.

And, notwithſtanding ſeveral of the magi declared he ought to be burnt for a ſorcerer, the king thought proper to order that the fine he had depoſited in the court ſhould be peremptorily reſtored.

The clerk of the court, the tipſtaffs, and the other petty officers, waited on him in their proper habits, in order to refund the four hundred ounces of gold, purſuant to the king's expreſs order; modeſtly reſerving *only* three hundred and ninety ounces, part thereof, to defray the fees of the court.

The domeſtics alſo ſwarmed about him, in hopes of ſome *ſmall conſideration.*

Zadig ſaw how dangerous it was ſometimes to appear too wiſe, and was determined, for the future, to be very circumſpect both with reſpect to his words and behaviour.

An opportunity ſoon offered for the trial of his reſolution.

A priſoner of ſtate had juſt made his eſcape, and paſſed under the window of Zadig's houſe. Zadig was examined thereupon, but made no anſwer.

However, as it was plainly proved that he had looked out of the window at the time the priſoner paſſed, he was ſentenced to pay five hundred ounces of gold for that miſdemeanor; and moreover, was obliged to thank the court for their indulgence; a compliment which the magiſtrates of Babylon expect to be paid them.

'Good God!' ſaid Zadig, 'how unfortunate 'it is to walk near a wood through which the queen's 'dog and the king's horſe have paſſed! and how 'dangerous to look out of a window! In a word, 'how difficult for a man to be truly happy in this 'life!

CHAPTER IV.

THE ENVIOUS MAN

ZADIG having met with ſuch a ſeries of misfortunes, reſolved to eaſe the weight of them by the ſtudy of philoſophy, and the agreeable company of a few ſelect friends. He had a ſmall houſe in the ſuburbs of Babylon, commodiouſly furniſhed; where every artiſt met with a favourable reception, and wherein he enjoyed all the rational pleaſures that a virtuous man could deſire. His library was every morning open to the learned, and at night the moſt cheerful companions ſurrounded his table; but he preſently found how dangerous it was to aſſociate with the ſons of ſcience. In the courſe of converſation, a warm diſpute aroſe about a certain law of Zoroaſter, in which griffins were prohibited to be eaten. ‘ But wherefore that prohibition,’ ſaid one of the company, ‘ ſince there never was ſuch an animal?’ Others again inſiſted that ſuch an animal muſt neceſſarily exiſt, otherwiſe Zoroaſter would never have been ſo abſurd as to give his diſciples ſuch a caution. To put an end to this affair, Zadig thus addreſſed them: ‘ Friends, if there really are ſuch creatures, ‘ let us never touch them; and if there are not, it is ‘ very certain we cannot touch them: therefore, ‘ however it be, we ſhall act agreeable to the law of ‘ Zoroaſter.’

A learned man, at the head of the table, who had written thirteen volumes diſplaying the properties of the griffin, took this affair in a very ſerious light, and threatened to accuſe Zadig before one of the principal of the magi, named Yebor, who would have impaled Zadig, to do honour to the ſun, and then would have recited the breviary with greater ſatisfaction.

His friend Cador (a friend of more value than a hundred magi) went to old Yebor, and ſaid to him—

‘ Long

'Long live the ſun and the griffins! take care of 'puniſhing Zadig, for he is a ſaint; he has griffins 'in his inner court, and does not eat them; and his 'accuſer is an heretic, who dares to maintain that 'rabbits have cloven feet, and are not unclean.'— 'Well,' ſaid Yebor, ſhaking his bald pate, 'we 'muſt impale Zadig for having ſpoke diſreſpectfully 'of griffins, and the other for having ſpoken con- 'temptuouſly of rabbits.' Cador, however, put a ſtop to the affair, by means of a maid of honour, by whom he had a child, and who had great credit in the college of the magi; ſo that nobody was puniſhed: whereupon many of the doctors murmured, and preſaged the ruin of Babylon. Zadig ſaid to himſelf— 'On what does happineſs depend? I am perſecuted 'by every thing in this world, even on account of 'beings that have no exiſtence.' He curſed the ſons of learning, and, ever after this diſpute, Zadig diſtinguiſhed and preferred good before learned company, aſſociating with the moſt converſable men, and the moſt accompliſhed ladies, in Babylon. He frequently made grand entertainments, which were generally preceded by a concert of muſic, and enlivened by the moſt agreeable converſation, in which, as he had experienced the diſagreeable conſequences of it, he laid aſide all thoughts of appearing to be witty, which is not only the moſt certain proof that a man has no wit but the ſureſt way to ſpoil all good company.

Neither the choice of his friends, nor that of his diſhes, was the reſult of pride or oſtentation. He took delight in appearing to be what he actually was, and not in ſeeming to be what he was not; and by that means obtained a greater character than he actually aimed at.

Oppoſite to his houſe lived Arimazas, a perſon elated with pride, who not meeting with ſucceſs in the world, ſought his revenge in railing againſt all mankind. Rich as he was, he found it difficult to procure flatterers. Though the rattling of the cha-

riots

riots that ſtopped at Zadig's door was a perfect nuiſance to him, yet the good character which every body gave him was a ſtill higher provocation. He would ſometimes intrude himſelf upon Zadig, and ſit down at his table without any invitation: when there, he would moſt aſſuredly interrupt the mirth of the company, as harpies infect the very proviſions they devour.

Arimazes invited a young lady to an entertainment; who inſtead of accepting his invitation, ſpent the evening at Zadig's. Another time, as Zadig and he were converſing together at court, a miniſter of ſtate came up to them, and invited Zadig to ſupper, but took no notice of Arimazes. The moſt implacable averſions have ſeldom a more ſolid foundation. This perſon, who was called the *envious man*, reſolved, if poſſible, to ruin Zadig, becauſe he was generally diſtinguiſhed by the title of the *happy man.*

'An opportunity of doing miſchief,' ſays Zoroaſter, 'offers itſelf a hundred times a day, but that of 'doing good but once a year.'

Arimazes called one day on Zadig, when he was walking in his garden with two friends, and a young lady to whom he ſaid many fine things, with no other deſign but the innocent pleaſure of ſaying them. Their converſation turned upon a war that the king had happily put an end to, between him and his vaſſal, the prince of Hyrcania. Zadig having ſignalized himſelf in that ſhort warfare, commended his majeſty very highly, but was more laviſh of his compliments on the lady. He took out his pocket book, and wrote four extempore verſes on that occaſion, and gave them to the lady to read. The company then preſent begged to be obliged with a ſight of them as well as the lady. But either through modeſty, or rather a conſciouſneſs that he had not happily ſucceeded, he gave them a refuſal. He was ſenſible, that extempore verſes are ſeldom approved, but by thoſe in whoſe honour they are written, and therefore, he

ſnapt the tablet in two whereon the lines were wrote, and threw both pieces into a roſe buſh, where they were ſought for in vain by his friends. A ſmall rain falling ſhortly after, all the company returned to the houſe, except Arimazes, who, notwithſtanding the ſhower, continued in the garden, till he had found one moiety of the tablet, which was unfortunately broken in ſuch a manner, that even the half lines were good metre, though very ſhort. But what was ſtill more remarkably unfortunate, they appeared at a firſt view to be a ſevere ſatire upon the king; the words were theſe.

To flagrant crimes
His crown he owes;
To peaceful times
The worst of foes.

This was the firſt moment that ever Arimazes was happy. He had it now in his power to ruin the moſt virtuous and innocent of men. Filled with his execrable joy, he haſtened to his majeſty with this virulent ſatire of Zadig's under his own hand.

Not only Zadig, but his two friends and the lady, were immediately cloſe confined. His cauſe was ſoon over: for the judges turned a deaf ear to what he had to ſay. When ſentence of condemnation was paſſed upon him, Arimazes, ſtill revengeful, was heard to ſay, as he went out of court, with an air of contempt, that Zadig's lines were treaſon indeed, but nothing more.

Though Zadig did not value himſelf on account of his genius for poetry, yet he was almoſt diſtracted to find himſelf condemned for the worſt of traitors, and his two friends and the lady locked up in a dungeon, for a crime of which he was innocent. He was not permitted to ſpeak one word for himſelf. His pocket-book was ſufficient evidence againſt him.

So ſtrict were the laws of Babylon! He was carried to the place of execution, through a crowd of ſpectators, who durſt not condole with him, and who flocked about him, to obſerve whether his countenance

changed

changed, or whether he died with becoming fortitude. His relations were the only real mourners: for there was no eftate in reverfion for them; three parts of his effects were confifcated for the king's ufe, and the fourth was devoted, as a reward, to the ufe of Arimazes the informer.

Juft at the time he was preparing himfelf for death, the king's parrot flew from her balcony into Zadig's garden, and alighted on a rofe-bufh. A peach, that had been blown down, and driven by the wind from an adjacent tree, juft under the bufh, had fallen on a piece of the tablet to which it adhered. Away flew the parrot with her booty, and alighted on the king's hand. The monarch, being fomewhat curious, read the words on the broken tablet, which had no meaning in them as he could perceive, but feemed to be the broken parts of a tetraftic. He was a great admirer of poetry; and the odd adventure of his parrot put him upon reflection.

The queen, who recollected full well the lines that were written on the fragment of Zadig's tablet, ordered that part of it to be produced: both the broken pieces being put together, they anfwered exactly the indentures; and then the verfes which Zadig had written, in a flight of loyalty, ran thus:

Tyrants are prone to flagrant crimes;
To clemency his crown he owes;
To concord and to peaceful times;
Love only is the worst of foes.

Upon this the king ordered Zadig to be inftantly brought before him; and his two friends and the lady to be immediately releafed from confinement. Zadig, as he ftood before the king and queen, fixed his eyes upon the ground, and begged their majefties pardon for his little, worthlefs, poetical attempt. He fpoke, however, with fuch a becoming grace, and with fo much modefty and good fenfe, that the king and queen ordered him to be brought up again; when they gave him all the immenfe eftate of Arimazes,

who

who had ſo unjuſtly accuſed him; but Zadig generouſly returned the whole to the infamous informer. The envious man, however, felt no other ſenſation than the pleaſure which aroſe from the reſtoration of his effects. Zadig every day grew more and more in favour at court. He was made a party at all the king's pleaſures, and nothing was done in the privy council without him. The queen, from that very hour, ſhewed him ſo much reſpect, and ſpoke to him in ſuch ſoft and endearing terms, that, in proceſs of time, it proved of fatal conſequence to herſelf, her royal conſort, to Zadig, and the whole kingdom. Zadig now began to think that the attainment of happineſs was not ſo difficult as he had formerly imagined.

CHAPTER V.

THE FORCE OF GENEROSITY.

A GRAND festival was held at Babylon at the end of every five years, and it was now near at hand. The design of it was, to distinguish that citizen from all the rest, in the most solemn manner, who had performed the most generous action; and the grandees and magi always sat as judges. The first satrap, who had the care of the city, made known the most laudable actions that had passed in his district. All were put to the vote, and the king himself pronounced the definitive sentence. Persons of all ranks and degrees came to this solemnity, from the most remote parts of the kingdom. He who had the good fortune to be victor, received from his majesty's own hand a golden cup, ornamented with precious stones; and, upon the delivery, the king thus addressed him: 'Accept of this as a reward for your generosity, and 'heaven grant that I may have thousands of such va-'luable subjects as you are!'

Upon this memorable day, the king appeared on his throne of state, dressed in all the pomp imaginable, and surrounded by his grandees, the magi, and the deputies from all the neighbouring nations, of every province that attended these public diversions, where honour was to be acquired, not by the swiftness of the best race horse, or by bodily strength, but by real merit. The chief satrap proclaimed, with a loud voice, such deeds as would entitle the victor to the glorious prize; but never took notice of Zadig's commendable action, in restoring to the envious man the possession of his fortune, notwithstanding he did all in his power to take away his life: that was but trifling, and not worth mentioning.

A judge was the first who was presented for the prize; he had been the occasion of a citizen's losing a very considerable cause, through some mistake, for which

which he was not reſponſible, and made him reſtitution out of his own private fortune.

The next candidate was a youth, who, notwithſtanding he was greatly enamoured of a lady, and intended ſhortly to eſpouſe her, yet reſigned her to his friend, whoſe paſſion for her had almoſt brought him to his grave, and, at the ſame time, even beſtowed on her a very conſiderable portion!

The next who ſtood forth was a ſoldier, who had executed a more praiſe-worthy action than that of the lover. In the Hyrcanian war, a party of the enemy having made his miſtreſs priſoner, he attacked them with great bravery, and reſcued her from their poſſeſſion. A ſhort time after, hearing that a band of the ſame party had carried off his mother to a place not far diſtant, he left his miſtreſs, weeping bitterly, and flew to the ſuccour of his mother. This ſkirmiſh being alſo ended, he came back to his miſtreſs, and found her juſt at the point of death. Upon which he reſolved to die with her, and was about to plunge a dagger in his breaſt; but his mother repreſented to him, that, ſhould he die, ſhe would have no ſupport in her old age; and therefore, through affection for her, he had courage to live a little longer!

The judges were about to decide in favour of the ſoldier, but his majeſty prevented them, by ſaying, that the ſoldier's action was unqueſtionably commendable, as were thoſe of the reſt, but none of them very remarkable. 'I was infinitely ſurpriſed,' ſaid his majeſty, 'at what Zadig did yeſterday: but I ſhall 'give you another inſtance. Not long ſince I baniſhed 'my prime miniſter, Coreb, from the court, that he 'might feel my reſentment. I complained greatly of 'his conduct, and every one of my ſycophants told 'me that I behaved too mercifully to him, and loaded him with the keeneſt invectives. I deſired Zadig's 'opinion of him, and he had the courage to give him 'an excellent character. I have undoubtedly read, 'in our public records, of inſtances where reſtitution

D 'has

'has been often made for injuries done by mistake; 'where one has resigned his mistress to another; and 'where a son has preferred his mother before his 'mistress; but I never found an instance of a courtier, who, like Zadig, had the courage to speak 'behalf of a minister in disgrace, and with whom the 'king was displeased. Each candidate that has been 'proclaimed to-day shall receive twenty thousand 'pieces, but Zadig alone deserves the cup.'

'Sire,' replied Zadig, 'it is you yourself to whom 'the cup is due; you alone have done an action of 'unparalleled generosity; since you, who are the king 'of kings, was not offended with your slave when he 'contradicted you in the heat of passion.' This discourse drew the eyes of all the multitude upon the king and Zadig. The judge, who had generously made restitution for his mistake; the lover, who had resigned his mistress to his friend; the soldier, who had preferred his mother's before his mistress's welfare; received the promised donation from the king, and saw their names entered in the book of fame: but the cup was given to Zadig. His majesty was universally beloved, but it was not of long duration. This glorious day was solemnized with festivals beyond the time by the law established. Tragedies were performed there that made the generality of spectators weep, and comedies that excited their laughter; entertainments of which the Babylonians were quite ignorant: the commemoration of it is still preserved in Asia.

'I have now,' said Zadig, 'arrived at perfect hap'piness;' but he was most egregiously mistaken.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER VI.

THE JUST JUDGE.

NOTWITHSTANDING Zadig's youth, he was constituted chief judge of all the tribunals throughout the empire. He filled the place like one whom the gods had endowed with the ſtricteſt juſtice, and the moſt ſolid wiſdom.

It was to him the ſurrounding nations were indebted for that generous maxim, 'that 'tis much 'more prudent to acquit two perſons, though actually 'guilty, than to paſs ſentence of condemnation on one 'that is virtuous and innocent.'

It was his firm opinion, that the laws were intended to honour thoſe who did well, as much as to be a terror to the vicious. It was his peculiar talent to render truth as obvious as poſſible; whereas moſt men ſtudy to render it intricate and obſcure.

On the firſt day of his entrance into his high office, he exerted this peculiar talent.

A rich merchant, and a native of Babylon, died in the Indies. He had made his will, and appointed his ſons joint heirs of his eſtate, as ſoon as they had ſettled their ſiſter, and married her with mutual approbation. Beſides he left a legacy of 30,000 pieces of gold to that ſon who ſhould, after his deceaſe, be proved to love him beſt.

The eldeſt erected to his memory a very coſtly monument. The youngeſt appropriated a conſiderable part of his bequeſt to the augmentation of his ſiſter's fortune: every one, without heſitation, gave the preference to the elder, allowing the younger to have the greateſt affection for his ſiſter. The legacy therefore was doubtleſs due to the elder.

Their cauſe came before Zadig, and he examined them apart.

To the elder, ſaid Zadig, 'Your father, Sir, is not 'dead,

'dead, as is reported, but being happily recovered, is 'on his return to Babylon.'

'God be praiſed,' ſaid the young man. 'But I 'hope the expence I have been at in raiſing this 'ſuperb monument will be conſidered.'

After this Zadig repeated the ſame ſtory to the younger.

'God be praiſed,' ſaid he. 'I will immediately 'reſtore all that he has left me; but I hope my 'father will not recal the little preſent I have made 'my ſiſter.'

'You have nothing to reſtore, Sir; you ſhall have 'the legacy of the thirty thouſand pieces; for it is 'you that have the greateſt veneration for your de- 'ceaſed father.'

A young lady, that was very rich, had entered into a marriage-contract with two magi; and having received inſtructions from both parties for ſome months, ſhe proved with child. They were both ready and willing to marry her. 'But,' ſaid ſhe, 'he ſhall be my huſband, that has put me into a ca- 'pacity of ſerving my country, by adding one to 'it.'

''Tis I, Madam, that have anſwered that valua- 'ble end,' ſaid one; but the other inſiſted it was his operation.

'Well!' ſaid ſhe, 'he that will give the child 'the moſt liberal education, I will acknowledge as 'its father.'

In a ſhort time after, the lady was delivered of a ſon. Each of them inſiſted on being tutor, and the cauſe was brought before Zadig. The two magi were ordered to appear in court.

Sir, 'ſaid Zadig to the firſt, 'what method of 'inſtruction do you propoſe to purſue for the im- 'provement of your young pupil?'

'He ſhall firſt be grounded,' ſaid this learned predagogue, 'in the eight parts of ſpeech; then I 'will

'will teach him logic, astrology, magic, the wide 'difference between the terms substance and accident, 'abstract and concrete, &c. &c.'

'For my part, Sir, I shall take anothor method,' said the second; 'I will do my utmost to make him 'an honest man, and acceptable to his friends.'

Upon this Zadig said, 'You, Sir, shall marry the 'mother, let who will be the father.'

Daily complaints came to court against the Itimadoulet of Media, whose name was Irax.

He was a person of quality, and possessed a very considerable estate, notwithstanding he had squandered away a great part of it, by indulging himself in all manner of expensive pleasures. It was seldom that he suffered an inferior to speak to him, and no person whatever dared to oppose his will.

No peacock was more gay; no turtle more amorous; no tortoise more indolent and inactive. He made false glory and false pleasures his sole pursuit.

Zadig, undertaking to cure him, sent him, as by express order from the king, a music master, with twelve vocal performers, and twenty-four violins, as his attendants; a house-steward, with six men cooks, and four chamberlains, who were never to be out of his sight. The king issued his writ for the punctual observance of his royal will; and thus the affair proceeded.

The first morning, as soon as the voluptuous Irax awaked, his music-master, with the vocal and instrumental performers, entered his apartment. They performed a cantata, that lasted two hours and three minutes. Every three minutes the chorus or burthen of the song, was to this effect:

'Tisn't in words to speak your praise;
What mighty honours are your due!
To worth like yours we altars raise;
No monarch's happier, Sir, than you.

 After

After the cantata was over, the chamberlain addressed him in a formal harangue for three quarters of an hour without ceasing; wherein he extolled every virtue to which he was a perfect stranger.

When the oration was over, he was conducted to dinner, where the musicians attended, and began to play as soon as he was seated at table.

Dinner lasted three hours before he condescended to speak a word. When he did speak, 'You say right, 'Sir,' said the chief chamberlain. Scarce had he uttered four words more, but 'right, Sir,' said the second. The other two chamberlains continually laughing with admiration at Irax's smart repartees, or at least at such as he ought to have made.

After the cloth was drawn, the adulating chorus was repeated.

The first day Irax was all in raptures; he imagined, that this honour done him by the king of kings, was the sole result of his exalted merit. The second was not altogether so agreeable. The third proved somewhat troublesome; the fourth insupportable; the fifth was tormenting; and, at last, he was perfectly outrageous at the continued peal in his ears of 'no monarch's happier, Sir, than you,'—'you say 'right,' &c. and at being daily harangued at the same hour.

Whereupon he wrote to court, and begged of his majesty to recal his chamberlain, his music-master, with all his retinue, his house-steward, and his cooks; and promised, in the most submissive manner, to be less vain, and more industrious for the future.

Though he did not require so much adulation, nor such grand entertainments, he was much happier; for, as Sadder has it, 'one continued scene of pleasure is no pleasure at all.'

Zadig every day gave incontestible proofs of his amazing penetration, and the goodness of his heart; he was adored by the people, and beloved by the king.

king. The little difficulties that he met with in his firſt ſtage of life, ſerved only to augment his preſent felicity.

Every night, however, he had a dream, that gave him diſturbance. One while he imagined himſelf extended on a bed of withered plants, amongſt which there were ſome that were ſharp pointed, and made him very reſtleſs and uneaſy: another time, he fancied himſelf repoſed on a bed of roſes, out of which ruſhed a ſerpent, that ſtung him to the heart with his envenomed tongue. 'Alas!' ſaid he, waking, 'I 'was recently upon a bed of hard and nauſeous plants, 'and this very moment I repoſed on a bed of roſes. 'But then the ſerpent!'

CHAPTER VII.

THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

THE preferment of Zadig, or rather his intrinsic merit, was the principal cause of all his future misfortunes. He discoursed familiarly every day with his sovereign, and his beloved consort, Astarte; and the pleasure arising from thence was greatly enhanced by an intimate desire of pleasing, which is to the mind the same as dress is to beauty.

The youth and graceful deportment of Zadig had a much greater influence on the queen than she really perceived: and she cherished an affection which she was by no means conscious of. Astarte would say, without the least reserve or apprehension, that she was delighted with the company of one, who was not only greatly esteemed by her august consort, but was the favourite of the whole empire.

She daily praised him in her royal consort's presence; he was her favourite topic amongst the ladies of honour, whose elogiums of him even exceeded her own. Such repeated encomiums, however innocent, made a deeper impression on her heart than she at that time apprehended.

She made presents to Zadig, in which there was more of gallantry than she imagined. She spoke no more in his praise, as she imagined, than a queen might innocently do, who had good assurance of his attachment to her husband: sometimes, indeed, she would speak with that tenderness and affection which resemble the expressions of a woman enamoured.

His royal mistress was more beautiful than either Semira, who had such an aversion to a husband with but one eye: or Azora, his late affectionate spouse, who would innocently have robbed him of his nose. The pleasing familiarity of Astarte, her tender expressions, which sometimes crimsoned her cheeks, the

glances

glances of her eyes, which ſhe would turn away, if perceived, and which ſhe fixed upon his, all conſpired to kindle in Zadig's heart a fire, at the thought of which he trembled. He uſed his utmoſt efforts to extinguiſh it; he called up all the philoſophy he was maſter of to his aid; but all to no purpoſe, for thoſe reflections afforded him no conſolation.

Duty, gratitude, and an injured ſovereign appeared inceſſantly before him, as avenging deities: he ſtruggled reſolutely; he even triumphed; but this conqueſt over his paſſions, which he was obliged continually to check, coſt him abundance of ſighs and tears. He durſt not again ſpeak to the queen with that freedom which had hitherto proved but too agreeable to them both: his eyes were veiled with a miſt; his converſation was forced, unconnected, and had the appearance of conſtraint; he kept his eyes off her as much as poſſible; and when they undeſignedly met thoſe of Aſtarte, he found, that though drowned in tears, they darted flames of fire; in ſilence they ſeemed to ſay, 'We adore each other, and yet are afraid to love: we equally burn with a fire which we equally condemn.'

Zadig retired from her preſence, full of perplexity and deſpair; his heart was overcharged with a burthen too great for him to bear.

In the heat of his conflict, he diſcloſed the ſecrets of his heart to his faithful friend Cador, as one who, having long groaned under the weight of an inexpreſſible anguiſh of mind, at once makes known the occaſion of his torments by the groans extorted from him, and by the drops of cold ſweat which hang on his brow.

'I have long,' ſaid Cador to him, 'obſerved that ſecret paſſion which you have foſtered in your boſom, and yet endeavoured to conceal even from yourſelf. The paſſions are generally accompanied with ſuch ſtrong impreſſions that they cannot be concealed. Confeſs ingenuouſly, therefore, Zadig, ſince

'I have

'I have made this discovery, whether his majesty 'has not shewn some visible marks of his resentment. 'His only foible is that of being the most jealous 'of mankind. You are more careful of checking 'the violence of your passion than the queen herself 'is; because you are a philosopher; because you are 'Zadig. Astarte is no more than a weak woman; 'and though her eyes speak too visibly, and with too 'much imprudence, yet she does not imagine herself 'to blame. Convinced of her innocence, to her own 'misfortune, as well as yours, she keeps not a suffi- 'cient guard over herself. I tremble for her, because 'I am certain her conscience acquits her. If you 'were both agreed, you might conceal your regard 'for each other from the whole world. A rising 'passion, that is smothered, breaks out into a flame; 'when once love is gratified, it knows how to con- 'ceal it with art.'

Zadig trembled at the thought of violating the bed of his royal benefactor; and never was there a more loyal subject to a prince, though guilty of an involuntary crime. Her majesty, however, so often mentioned Zadig's name, and blushed so much whenever she uttered it; at one time she was so much delighted, and at another so much dejected, when he became the topic of conversation in the presence of the king; she was in such a reverie, so confused and absent, when he went out of their presence, that her behaviour made her royal spouse very uneasy. He was convinced of every thing he saw, and formed in his mind an idea of numberless things which he saw not. He took particular notice of Astarte's sandals, which were blue, Zadig's being of the same colour; he also observed, that as the queen wore yellow ribbands, Zadig's turban was yellow also. These were dreadful prognostics for a sovereign of his disposition to think on. In a mind so distempered as his, suspicions are converted into real facts.

All court slaves and sycophants are so many spies upon

upon kings and queens: they prefently difcovered that Aftarte was fond, and Moabdar jealous. Zadig's envious foe, Arimazes, had not corrected his malevolent difpofition; for flints never foften, and venemous animals always preferve their poifon. He wrote an anonymous letter to the king, the bafe recourfe of fordid fpirits, who are univerfally defpifed; but in this cafe a very important affair; becaufe this letter agreed with the dreadful fuggeftions Moabdar had conceived.

All his thoughts were now bent upon feeing himfelf revenged; for which purpofe he refolved to take off his wife by poifon on a certain night, and to have Zadig ftrangled by day-break.

A mercilefs, inhuman eunuch, the ready executioner of the king's vengeance, received orders for that purpofe. While his Majefty was difclofing this horrid plot to the eunuch, there happened to be a dwarf, who was dumb, but not deaf, in the royal chamber. No one regarded him; he faw and heard every thing that paffed, and yet was no more fufpected than any irrational domeftic animal.

This dwarf, who had a great regard for Aftarte and Zadig, heard with equal horror and furprife the orders for their deaths, but how to prevent thofe orders from being put into execution was his principal concern, as the time was fo fhort, and no opportunity was likely to offer for effecting that purpofe. He could not write, but he had fortunately been taught to draw, and take a likenefs.

He employed himfelf a good part of the night in delineating with crayons, on a piece of paper, the great danger that thus attended her majefty. He difplayed in one corner the king very much enraged, and commanding the barbarous eunuch to put his defign in execution; in another a bowl and a cord upon a table; in the centre was the queen, expiring in the arms of her maids of honour, with Zadig ftrangled, and laid breathlefs before her. The rifing fun was juft

juſt making its appearance in the horizon, to denote that this dreadful ſcene was to be tranſacted at day-break. When his piece was finiſhed, he ran with it to one of Aſtarte's female favourites then in waiting, awaked her, and gave her to underſtand, that ſhe muſt immediately carry the draught to the queen.

Meanwhile, her majeſty's attendants, though it was in the middle of the night, knocked at the door of Zadig's apartment, waked him, and gave him a letter from Aſtarte.

He at firſt was doubtful whether it was not a dream, but preſently read the letter, with a trembling hand, and a heavy heart: it is impoſſible to expreſs is aſtoniſhment, and the agonies of deſpair he was in, upon reading the following words:

'Depart from Babylon, dear Zadig, immediately, for your life is in danger. I conjure you to depart, dear Zadig, in the name of that fatal paſſion with which I have long ſtruggled, and which I now venture to diſcloſe to you, as I ſhall in a little time make atonement for it with the loſs of my life. Although I am not conſcious of having committed any crime, I find I am to feel the weight of the king's reſentment, and ſuffer the moſt cruel of deaths.'

It was with the utmoſt difficulty that Zadig could ſpeak. Having ordered his friend Cador to be called, as ſoon as he entered the room, he preſented him the billet, without ſaying a word.

Cador urged him to pay all due attention to the contents, and to ſet out that moment for Memphis. 'If you hope to have an interview with Aſtarte firſt, 'you inevitably haſten her execution; or if you wait 'upon his majeſty, the fatal conſequence will be the 'ſame: I ſhall uſe my utmoſt efforts to prevent her 'wretched fate; do you therefore follow your own: 'I ſhall report it in the city, that you are gone to 'the Indies: and when the purſuit of you ſhall be 'diſcontinued, I will come and inform you of every 'occurrence.' Thus

Thus saying, Cádor immediately ordered two of the swiftest dromedaries to be ready at a private door belonging to the court; he helped Zadig to mount his beast, though ready to faint. He had no more than one faithful servant to attend him; and Cador, very much grieved at this unfortunate affair, soon lost sight of his worthy friend.

In a little time our illustrious fugitive reached the top of a small hill, from whence he had an extensive view of all the city of Babylon: and looking towards her majesty's palace, he fainted away; but soon recovering his senses, his cheeks were bathed with tears, and he eagerly wished for death.

In short, after he had reflected, with horror, on the wretched fate of the most amiable of women, and the most worthy queen that ever reigned, he, sighing, thus exclaimed:

'What is this mortal life! What the better am I, 'O virtue, for following thy dictates! Two women, 'a mistress and a wife, have proved false to me; a 'third, innocent as the child unborn, and far more 'beautiful than either of them, has probably before 'this time suffered death on my account! All the acts 'of benevolence which I have shewn, have been the 'foundation of my sorrows; and I have been exalted 'to the height of grandeur for no other purpose than 'to be hurled down with the greater precipitation. 'Had I led a wicked life, like some other miscreants, 'I had now, like them, been happy.'

Filled with these melancholy reflections, his eyes obscured with the veil of grief, the paleness of death on his countenance, and his soul swallowed up in the blackest despair, he continued his journey towards Egypt.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WIFE BEATEN.

ZADIG directed his courſe by the ſtars. The conſtellation Orion, and the radiant dog-ſtar, guided him towards the Pole of Cannopæa. He beheld with amazement thoſe large globes of light, which appeared to the naked eye no more than ſmall twinkling ſparks, whereas the earthly globe he was then traverſing, which, in reality, is no more than an imperceptible point in nature, ſeemed, according to the imperfect idea we generally entertain of it, ſomething very immenſe and extremely grand. He next turned his thoughts upon mankind, and regarded them, truly, as inſects, devouring each other on a ſmall atom of clay. He greatly alleviated his misfortunes, by reflecting in this manner, and recollecting the nothingneſs, if we may be allowed the expreſſion, of his own being, and even of Babylon itſelf. His capacious ſoul now ſoared into infinity; and he contemplated, with the ſame freedom as if ſhe was diſencumbered from her earthly partner, on the unchangeable order of the univerſe. But preſently reſuming her native ſeat, he began to think that Aſtarte might probably have loſt her life for his ſake; upon which, his thoughts of the univerſe immediately vaniſhed, and his whole attention was buſied in imagining that he beheld the queen at the point of death, and himſelf overwhelmed with troubles.

Giving himſelf up to this flux and reflux of ſublime philoſophy and anxiety of mind, he inſenſibly found himſelf on the frontiers of Egypt: and his faithful ſervant had, unperceived by him, ſtept into the firſt village, and ſought a proper lodging. Meanwhile Zadig made the beſt of his way to the neighbouring gardens; where he beheld, at a ſmall diſtance from the highway, a woman weeping bitterly, and begging

begging the aid of heaven and earth in her diſtreſs, and a man, in a violent paſſion, purſuing her. He now overtook her, and ſhe, falling on her knees before him, implored his forgiveneſs: but ſhe received only blows and reproaches.

The Egyptian's barbarous violence, and the woman's reiterated entreaties for pardon, made Zadig imagine that the man was a jealous huſband, and that the fair one was an inconſtant, and had defiled his bed: but when he reflected that ſhe was extremely handſome, and, in his eyes, not unlike the wretched Aſtarte, he felt a compaſſion glowing within him towards the lady, and became enraged at her tyrant. 'For heaven's ſake, Sir, aſſiſt me!' ſaid ſhe to Zadig, weeping bitterly. 'Oh! deliver me from this hard-'hearted man. Save, Sir, O ſave my life.'

Zadig hearing her lament ſo bitterly, interpoſed between the injured lady and her cruel tormentor, and thus expoſtulated with the Egyptian in his own language: 'Dear Sir, if you are poſſeſſed of the leaſt 'degree of humanity, I beg you will have ſome com-'paſſion upon ſo charming a creature; pay ſome re-'gard, I beſeech you, to the weakneſs of her ſex. 'How can you uſe ſo cruelly a woman, who lies weep-'ing at your feet for forgiveneſs?'

'What!' exclaimed the jealous man, 'are you too 'one of her gallants? I ſhall immediately revenge 'myſelf on you.'

Thus ſaying, he left the lady, whom he had before held by the hair, furiouſly ſeized his lance, and endeavoured to bury it in the ſtranger's boſom. Zadig, however, being cool, eaſily warded the intended blow. He caught hold of his lance towards the point. One ſtrove to recover it, and the other to make himſelf maſter of it by force. In the conteſt they broke it. Upon which the Egyptian drew his ſabre. Zadig did the ſame: they fought: the former made a number of precipitate paſſes, which the latter dexterouſly parried. The lady ſeated herſelf upon a graſs-plat, ad-

E 2 juſting

justing her head-dreſs, and looking on the combatants.

Zadig was not ſo ſtrong as the Egyptian, but he was more alert. The former fought as a man whoſe arm was guided by judgment; the latter as a madman, who dealt about his blows at random. Zadig, took the advantage, and diſarmed him; and perceiving the Egyptian became more enraged than ever, and tried frequently to lay him on the ground by dint of ſtrength, Zadig dexterouſly tripped up his heels: then holding the point of his ſword to his breaſt, like a man of honour, gave him his life. The Egyptian, fired with rage, drew a dagger, and wounded his generous antagoniſt, at the very inſtant he granted him his pardon. Zadig was greatly incenſed at this unexpected action, and immediately plunged his ſabre into his heart. The Egyptian groaned in a dreadful manner, and expired upon the ſpot.

The victor then approached the lady, and told her, in the tendereſt terms, that he was obliged to kill the man who had aſſaulted her, though much againſt his will. 'I have avenged your cauſe,' he ſaid, 'and 'freed you from the tyranny of the moſt brutiſh of 'men. Now, Madam, inform me of your farther will 'and pleaſure with me.'

'You ſhall die, villain,' ſaid the lady: 'you have 'ſlain my lover. Oh! I could tear you to pieces.'

'Indeed, Madam,' ſaid Zadig, 'you had one of the 'moſt fiery lovers I ever beheld. He beat you moſt 'unmercifully, and would have killed me becauſe I 'came to your aid.'

'I wiſh he was alive to beat me again,' ſaid ſhe, weeping: 'he had juſt reaſon for ſo doing. His jea'louſy was but too well grounded. Would to God 'he had beat me, and you had periſhed in his place.'

Theſe words greatly ſurpriſed Zadig, who was much exaſperated. 'Really, Madam,' ſaid he, 'you 'aſſume ſuch extravagant airs, that you tempt me, 'handſome as you are, to give you a ſevere chaſtiſe-

'ment

'ment in my turn, but I ſcorn to trouble myſelf any 'farther about you.' Thus ſaying, he remounted his dromedary, and advanced towards the village: but before he had proceeded an hundred yards, he turned back upon an outcry that was made by four couriers from Babylon, who were riding full ſpeed. As ſoon as one of them ſaw the young widow, he cried out, "There ſhe is; that is ſhe. She perfectly anſwers the deſcription we had of her." They took not the leaſt notice of her dead gallant, but immediately ſecured her. 'Oh! Sir,' cried ſhe frequently to Zadig, 'dear Sir, moſt generous ſtranger, once more deliver 'me from theſe horrid ruffians. I humbly beg par-'don for my ungenerous behaviour to you. Aſſiſt me 'at this critical moment, and I ſhall be your moſt obe-'dient ſlave till death.'

Zadig had no inclination to endanger his life for one who was ſo undeſerving. 'Find ſome other to 'be your dupe, now, Madam,' replied he; 'you ſhall 'not dupe me a ſecond time; I am now better ac-'quainted with your artifice.' Beſides, the wound which he had received bled ſo faſt, that he ſtood in need of aſſiſtance himſelf: and probably the appearance of the Babylonian couriers, who were ſent by king Moabdar, might greatly diſturb him. He therefore haſtened to the village, not being able to conceive what could be the meaning of the Babyloniſh officer's ſecuring the young widow: and ſtill more at a loſs to account for her ridiculous behaviour.

CHAPTER IX.

SLAVERY.

THE moment Zadig entered the Egyptian village, he was furrounded by the people. The univerfal cry was, 'See! fee! there is the perfon who ran 'away with the beauteous Lady Miffouf, and affaf-'finated Cletofis.'

'God forbid, faid Zadig, that I fhould ever enter-'tain a thought of running away with the lady 'you fpeak of: fhe is too capricious: nor did I af-'faffinate Cletofis, but killed him in felf-defence. 'He endeavoured to take away my life, becaufe I en-'treated him to have compaffion on the beauteous 'Miffouf, whom he was beating without mercy. I 'am a ftranger fled hither for fhelter; and it is highly 'improbable that, upon my firft entrance into a 'country where I came for fafety and protection, I 'fhould be guilty of two fuch enormous crimes, as 'that of running away with the partner of another 'man, and clandeftinely affaffinating him on her ac-'count.'

The Egyptians at that time were juft and humane. The populace hurried Zadig to the town gaol; but they took care, in the firft place, to ftop the bleeding of his wounds; and afterwards examined the fuppofed delinquents apart, in order to difcover, if poffible, the real truth.

They acquitted Zadig of the charge of wilful and premeditated murder; but as he had taken a fubject's life away, though in his own defence, he was fentenced to be a flave, as the law directed.

His two dromedaries were fold in open market, for the fervice of the hamlet; what money he had was dif-tributed among the inhabitants; and he and his at-tendant were expofed in the market place to public fale.

An Arabian merchant, named Setoc, purchafed them

them both, but as the valet, or attendant, was a robuſt man, and better qualified for hard labour than the maſter, he fetched the moſt money. There was no compariſon to be made between them. Zadig therefore was a ſlave ſubordinate to his valet; they were linked together by a chain upon their legs; and in this condition accompanied their maſter home.

Zadig, as they were on the road, comforted his fellow-ſlave, and exhorted him to bear his misfortunes with patience: but, according to cuſtom, he made ſeveral reflections on the viciſſitudes of human life. 'I am now ſenſible,' ſaid he, 'that my unpropi-'tious fortune has ſome malignant influence over 'thine; every occurrence of my life hitherto has 'proved ſtrange and unaccountable. I have been 'condemned to pay a fine for having ſeen the traces 'left by the feet of a dog. I have ſuffered the fear 'of being impailed on account of a griffin. I was 'ſentenced to die at Babylon, for writing a ſhort pa-'negyric on the king, my maſter. I narrowly eſcaped 'being ſtrangled, for the queen his royal conſort's 'ſpeaking a little too much in my favour; and here I 'am a joint-ſlave with thyſelf, becauſe a turbulent 'gallant would beat his lady. However, comrade, let 'us march on boldly; let not our courage be caſt down; 'all this may poſſibly have a happier iſſue than we 'expect. It is abſolutely neceſſary that theſe Ara-'bian merchants ſhould have ſlaves, and why ſhould 'not you and I, as we are but men, be ſlaves as thou-'ſands of others are? This maſter of ours may not 'prove inexorable. He muſt treat his ſlaves with 'ſome thought and conſideration, if he expects them 'to do his work.'

This was the ſubſtance of the diſcourſe which Zadig made to his comrade; but his mind was more engaged on the misfortunes of the queen of Babylon.

Two days afterwards Setoc ſet out with his two ſlaves and his camels for Arabia Deſerta. His tribe dwelt near the deſert of Horeb. The way was long and

and tedious. Setoc, during the journey, paid a much greater regard to Zadig's valet than to himſelf, becauſe the former was the moſt able to load the camels; and therefore what little diſtinctions were made, they were in his favour.

It ſo happened that one of the camels died upon the road: the load which the beaſt carried was immediately divided, and thrown upon the ſhoulders of the two ſlaves: Zadig had his ſhare. Setoc ſmiled at ſeeing his two ſlaves crouching under their burthen. Zadig took the liberty to explain the reaſon; and convinced him of the laws of the equilibrium. The merchant was aſtoniſhed at his philoſophical diſcourſe, and looked upon him with a more favourable eye than at firſt.

Zadig, perceiving he had raiſed his curioſity, redoubled it, by inſtructing him in ſeveral material points, which were in ſome meaſure advantageous to him in his way of buſineſs: ſuch as the ſpecific gravity of metals, and other commodities of various kinds of an equal bulk; the properties of ſeveral uſeful animals, and the beſt means to make ſuch as were wild, tame by degrees, and fit for ſervice. Zadig indeed was looked upon by his maſter as a perfect oracle.

Setoc now thought the maſter much the better man of the two. He uſed him courteouſly, and had no cauſe to repent of his indulgence towards him.

Arriving at their journey's end, the firſt ſtep that Setoc took, was to claim a debt of five hundred ounces of ſilver of a Jew, who had borrowed it in the preſence of two witneſſes; but both of them were dead; and as the Jew was conſcious he could not be caſt, for want of evidence, he appropriated the merchant's money to his own uſe, and rejoiced that it lay in his power for once to defraud an Arabian with impunity.

Setoc diſcovered to Zadig, who was now become his confidant, the unhappy ſituation of his caſe.

'Where

'Where was it,' ſaid Zadig, 'that you lent this large ſum to that ungrateful infidel!'

'Upon a large ſtone,' ſaid the merchant, 'at the 'foot of Mount Horeb!'

'What is the character of your debtor,' ſaid Zadig?

'That of a notorious villain,' replied Setoc.

'That I ſuppoſe,' ſaid Zadig: 'but is he a lively, active man; or is he dull, heavy, and phlegmatic?'

'He is the worſt paymaſter in the world,' replied 'the merchant; but the merrieſt, moſt ſprightly fel-'low I ever met with.'

'Very well!' ſaid Zadig: 'let me be one of your counſel when your cauſe comes to be heard!' Setoc conſented, and ſummoned the Jew to attend the court; and Zadig thus opened the cauſe:

'Thou impartial judge of this court of equity, I 'come here in behalf of my maſter, to demand of the 'defendant five hundred ounces of ſilver, which he 'refuſes to pay.'

'Have you your witneſſes to prove the loan?' ſaid the judge.

'No, they are dead,' anſwered Zadig; 'but there 'is a large ſtone remaining, on which the money was 'depoſited; and if your excellence will be pleaſed to 'order the ſtone to be brought into court, I doubt 'not but the evidence it will give, will be ſufficient 'proof of the fact. I hope your excellence will order, 'that the Jew and myſelf ſhall be obliged to attend 'the court till the ſtone comes, and I will diſpatch a 'ſpecial meſſenger for it, at my maſter's expence.'

'Your requeſt is very reaſonable,' ſaid the judge. 'Do as you propoſe:' and ſo called another cauſe.

When the court was ready to break up, 'Well!' ſaid the judge to Zadig, 'is your ſtone come?'

The Jew, with a ſneer, replied, 'your excellence 'may wait here till to-morrow, before the ſtone will 'appear in court: for it is above ſix miles off, and 'it will require fifteen men to remove it from its 'place.'

'It

'It is well!' replied Zadig. 'I told your excellence 'that the ſtone would be a very material evidence. Since 'the defendant can point out the place where the ſtone 'lies, he tacitly confeſſes, that it was upon that ſtone 'the money was depoſited.'

The Jew, thus unexpectedly confuted, was obliged to acknowledge the debt. The judge ordered that the Jew ſhould be tied faſt to the ſtone, without meat or drink, till he ſhould advance the five hundred ounces of ſilver, which were accordingly ſoon paid, and the Jew releaſed. From that time the ſlave Zadig, and this remarkable ſtone-witneſs, were in great repute throughout Arabia.

CHAPTER X.

THE FUNERAL PILE.

SETOC, tranſported with his ſucceſs, made Zadig his favourite companion and confidant: he eſteemed him as much, and found him as neceſſary in the conduct of his affairs, as the king of Babylon had in the adminiſtration of his government; and, fortunately for Zadig, Setoc had no wife.

He diſcovered that his maſter was benevolent, ſtrictly honeſt, and a man of good underſtanding; but was concerned that a perſon whom he ſo highly eſteemed ſhould pay divine adoration to a hoſt of created though celeſtial beings, according to the ancient cuſtom of the Arabians, to the ſun, moon, and ſtars.

He diſcourſed with his maſter, at firſt, with great precaution on ſo important a topic. But at laſt told him, in direct terms, that they were created bodies, and that there was no more adoration due to them than to a tree or a rock.

'But,' ſaid Setoc, 'they are eternal beings, to 'whom we are indebted for all the bleſſings we enjoy: 'they animate nature; they regulate the ſeaſons; 'and they are at ſuch an infinite diſtance from us, 'that it would be impious not to adore them.'

'You are more indebted,' ſaid Zadig, 'to the waters of the Red Sea, which tranſport ſo many valuable commodities into the Indies. Why may they 'not be deemed as ancient as the ſtars? And if you 'are fond of paying your adoration on account of 'their vaſt diſtance, why do you not adore the land of 'the Gangarides, which lies in the utmoſt extremities 'of the earth?'

'No,' ſaid Setoc; 'there is ſomething ſo ſurpriſingly more brilliant in the ſtars than in what 'you ſpeak of, that one is compelled to adore 'them.'

At the close of the evening, Zadig fixed a long range of candles in the front of the tent, where Setoc and he were to sup. As soon as he perceived his patron at the door, he fell prostrate on his knees before the wax-lights. 'O ye everlasting, ever shining luminaries, be always propitious to your votary,' said Zadig. Having repeated these words so loud as Setoc might hear him, he sat down to table, without taking the least notice of his patron.

'What!' said Setoc, astonished at his conduct; 'Art thou at thy prayers before supper?'

'I act just as inconsistently, Sir, as you do,' replied Zadig; 'I worship these candles without reflecting on their makers, or yourself, who are my most beneficent patron.'

Setoc comprehended the sense of this apology, and was conscious of the reproof that was concealed so delicately under a veil. The superior wisdom of his slave enlightened his mind; and from that hour he was less lavish than ever he had been of his incense to those created beings; and, for the future, paid his adoration to the eternal God, their Creator.

At that time there was a most horrid custom in high repute all over Arabia, which came originally from Scythia; but being established in the Indies by the sanction of the bigotted Brachmans, threatened to spread its infection all over the east.

On the death of a married man, if his dearly beloved widow ever expected to be esteemed a saint, she was constrained to throw herself upon her husband's funeral pile. This was looked upon as a solemn festival, and was called the widow's sacrifice. That tribe which could boast of the greatest number of burnt widows, was looked upon as the most meritorious.

An Arabian, who was of the same tribe as Setoc, happened just at that juncture to die, and his widow, whose name was Almona, and who was a rigid devotee,

votee, published the day, nay the hour, that she proposed to throw herself, according to custom, on her deceased husband's funeral pile, attended by a concert of drums and trumpets. Zadig remonstrated to Setoc, observing what a shocking custom this was, and how directly repugnant to human nature; by permitting young widows, almost every day, to become wilful self-murderers, when they might be of service to their country, either by the addition of new subjects, or by the education of such as demanded their maternal indulgence. And, by arguing seriously with Setoc for some time, he forced from him, at last, an ingenuous confession, that the barbarous custom then subsisting, ought, if possible, to be abolished.

'It is now,' replied Setoc, 'above a thousand 'years since the widows of Arabia have been indulged 'in this privilege of dying with their husbands; and 'how shall any one dare to abrogate a law thus consecrated by time? Is there any thing more inviolable 'than even an ancient error?'

'Reason,' replied Zadig, 'is of more ancient date 'than the custom you plead: Do you communicate 'these sentiments to the sovereigns of your tribes, and, 'in the mean time, I will endeavour to discover the 'widow's inclinations.'

He accordingly paid her a visit, and having insinuated himself into her favour, by compliments on her beauty; after urging what a pity it was that a young widow, mistress of so many charms, should destroy herself, for no other reason than that of mingling her ashes with a husband's that was dead, he, notwithstanding, applauded her for her constancy and heroic fortitude. 'I perceive, Madam,' said he, 'you were 'excessively fond of your deceased spouse.'

'Not I, truly,' replied the young Arabian devotee. 'He was a tyrant, a wretch, infected with a groundless and insupportable jealousy; but, notwithstanding, I am determined to comply with our custom, 'and throw myself on his funeral pile.'

 'Surely

'Surely then, Madam,' ſaid Zadig, 'there is a ſort
'of ſecret pleaſure in being burnt alive.'

'Alas!' cried Almona, with a ſigh, 'it is a ſhock
'to nature, but muſt be complied with. I am a pro-
'feſſed devotee; and ſhould I ſhew the leaſt reluctance,
'my reputation will be loſt for ever: all the world
'would deſpiſe me.'

Zadig having induced her ingenuouſly to confeſs that ſhe parted with her life more out of regard to what the world would ſay of her, than out of pure love for the deceaſed, talked to her for ſome time ſo rationally, and uſed ſo many prevailing arguments to juſtify her due regard for the life which ſhe was about to throw away, that ſhe began to wave the thought, and entertain a ſecret affection for her friendly monitor.

'Tell me, Madam,' ſaid Zadig, 'how would you
'diſpoſe of yourſelf, upon the ſuppoſition that
'you ſhould ſhake off this vain and barbarous notion?'

'Why,' ſaid the lady, with an amorous glance,
'I verily think I ſhould accept of thee for a ſecond
'huſband.'

The memory of Aſtarte had made too lively an impreſſion on his mind to accept of this warm declaration. He took his leave, and immediately waited on the chiefs, to whom he communicated the ſubſtance of their private converſation, and prevailed with them to make it a law, for the future, that no widow ſhould be allowed to fall a victim to a deceaſed huſband, till ſhe had admitted ſome young man to converſe with her, in private, for an hour together. The law was paſſed accordingly; and not one widow in all Arabia, ſince that time, has obſerved the cuſtom.

It was to Zadig alone that the Arabian dames were indebted for the abolition, in one hour, of a cuſtom ſo very inhuman, and which had been practiſed a number of ages. Zadig, therefore, with the ſtricteſt juſtice, was looked upon by all the fair ſex in Arabia, as their moſt bountiful benefactor.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XI.

THE SUPPER.

SETOC, who never went out without his bosom-friend, in whom alone, as he thought, all wisdom centred, resolved he should accompany him to Balzora fair, where the richest merchants, from all parts, used annually to resort.

Zadig was delighted to see such a concourse of substantial tradesmen, from all countries, assembled in one place. It appeared to him, as if the whole universe was but one large family, and all happily assembled at Balzora.

On the second day of the fair, he sat down to table with an Egyptian, an Indian that lived on the banks of the river Ganges, an inhabitant of Cathay, a Celt, and several other foreigners, who, by their frequent voyages towards the Arabian Gulf, were so far conversant with the Arabic language, as to be able to discourse freely, and to be mutually understood.

'What an abominable place is this Balzora!' said the Egyptian, greatly exasperated, 'where they refuse 'to lend me a thousand ounces of gold, upon the best 'security that can possibly be offered.'

'What may the property be that you would deposit 'as a pledge for the sum you mentioned?' said Setoc.

'The corpse of my deceased aunt,' said he, 'who 'was one of the finest women in all Egypt. She was 'my constant companion in my journies, but unhap'pily died upon the road. I have made her one of 'the choicest mummies we have amongst us, and was 'I in my own country, I could be furnished with what 'sum soever I pleased, were I disposed to mortgage 'it. It is a strange thing that no one here will ad'vance so small a sum as a thousand ounces of gold 'upon so valuable a commodity.'

Having thus expressed his resentment, he was proceeding

ceeding to cut up a boiled fowl, when an Indian laid hold of his hand, and, with deep concern, cried out—'Confider what you are about!'

'About;' faid the Egyptian. 'I defign to make a wing of this fowl one part of my fupper.'

'Good Sir, confider what you are doing,' faid the Indian. 'It is very poffible, that the foul of the deceafed lady may have taken its refidence in that fowl. And you would not furely run the rifk of devouring your aunt? To boil a fowl is, doubtlefs, a moft fhameful outrage done to nature.'

'What a noife you make about boiling a fowl, and flying in the face of nature,' replied the Egyptian in anger. 'Though we Egyptians pay divine adoration to the ox, yet we can make a hearty meal on a piece of roaft beef.'

'Is it poffible, Sir, that your countrymen fhould act fo abfurdly, as to pay an ox the tribute of divine worfhip?' faid the Indian.

'Abfurd as you may think it, faid the other, 'the ox has been the principal object of adoration all over Egypt for a hundred and thirty-five thoufand years, and the moft abandoned Egyptian has never yet been fo impious as to gain-fay it.'

'Ay, Sir, an hundred and thirty-five thoufand years fay you?' replied the Indian. 'Surely you muft be out a little in your calculation. It is but about fourfcore thoufand years fince India was firft inhabited. I am certain we are a more ancient people than you, and our Brama prohibited the eating of beef long before your nation erected an altar in honour of the ox, or even put one upon a fpit.'

'What a difturbance you make about your Brama! Is he able to ftand in competition with our Apis?' faid the Egyptian. 'Let us hear what mighty feats have been done by your boafted Brama?'

'He firft taught his votaries to write and read,' replied the Bramin; 'and it is to him alone the

world

'world is indebted for the invention of the noble game 'of chess.'

'You are quite mistaken, Sir, in your opinion,' said the Chaldean, who sat near; 'all these invaluable blessings were derived from the fish Oannes; and 'it is that alone to which the tribute of divine adoration is justly due. Every one knows that it was a 'divine being, whose tail was pure gold, whose head 'resembled that of a man, though indeed the features 'were much more beautiful; and that he condescended to visit the earth three hours every day, for the 'instruction of mankind. He had a numerous issue, 'as is well known, all of whom were powerful monarchs. I have a picture of it at home, to which, 'as in duty I ought, I say my prayers at night before I sleep, and in the morning when I rise.

'There is no harm, Sir, as I can conceive, in partaking of a piece of roast beef; but, doubtless, it 'is a horrid sin to touch a piece of fish. Besides, you 'cannot justly boast of so illustrious an origin, and 'you are both of you mere moderns, in comparison to 'the Chaldeans. The Egyptians claim no more than 'one hundred and thirty-five thousand years, and the 'Indians but eighty thousand, whereas we have almanacks that are dated four thousand centuries 'back.' Rely upon it I speak nothing but the truth; 'renounce your errors, and I will make each of you a 'present of a fine portrait of our Oannes.'

The Chinese, or man of Cathay, entering into the debate, said, 'I have a very great veneration not only 'for the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Greeks, and Celtæ, 'but for Brama, Apis, and the Oannes, but in my 'humble opinion the Li*, or, as it is by some called, 'the Tien*, is an object more deserving of divine 'adoration than the ox or the fish.

'I shall only remark, in regard to my native coun- 'try,

* *Li* is a Chinese term, signifying natural light, or reason; and *Tien*, the heavens, or the Supreme Being.

'try, that it is of much greater extent than all Egypt, 'Chaldea, and the Indies put together. I ſhall lay 'no ſtreſs on the antiquity of my country; for I ama-'gine it is of much greater importance to be the hap-'pieſt people, than the moſt ancient. However, ſince 'you were talking of the almanacks, I muſt take the 'liberty to inform you, that our's are eſteemed the 'beſt all over Aſia; and that we had ſeveral very 'correct ones before the ſcience of arithmetic was ever 'heard of in Chaldea.'

'You are all of you a ſet of illiterate, ignorant bi-'gots,' cried a Grecian: 'it is plain you know no-'thing of the Chaos, and that the world, as it now 'ſtands, is owing wholly to matter and form.'

The Greek ran on for a conſiderable time; but was at laſt interrupted by a Celt, who, having drank deep during the whole time of this debate, thought himſelf much wiſer than any of his antagoniſts, and, with a great oath, inſiſted that all their gods were nothing, if ſet in competition with the Teutath, or the miſletoe on the oak. 'As for my part, I carry ſome of it al-'ways in my pocket. My anceſtors were Scythians, 'and the only men worth talking of in the world. It 'is true, indeed, they would now and then make a 'meal of their countrymen, but that ought not to be 'urged as any objection to the country; and if any 'one of you, or all of you, dare to ſpeak diſreſpectfully 'of Teutath, I will defend its cauſe with my life.'

The quarrel grew warmer and warmer, and Setoc expected that the table would be overſet, or probably ſtained with blood.

Zadig, who had kept ſilence during the whole controverſy, at laſt roſe up, and addreſſed himſelf to the Celt, in the firſt place, as being the moſt noiſy and outrageous.

'Sir,' ſaid he, 'your notions in this affair are 'very juſt: oblige me with a piece of your miſletoe.' Then turning about, he expatiated on the eloquence of

of the Grecian, and softened in the most judicious manner all the contending parties. He said but little indeed to the Cathayan, because he was more cool and sedate than any of the others.

At length he addressed them in general terms, to this effect:

'My dear friends, you have been contesting all this while about an important topic, in which it is evident you are all unanimously agreed.'

'Agreed!' cried they, in an angry tone: 'how so?'

'Why,' said he to the Celt, 'is it not true, that you do not in effect adore this misletoe, but that Being who created that misletoe, and the oak, to which it is so closely united?'

'Doubtless, Sir,' replied the Celt.

'And you, Sir,' said he to the Egyptian, 'revere, through your venerable Apis, the great Author of every ox's being.'

'We do so,' said the Egyptian.

'The mighty Oannes, though the sovereign of the sea,' continued he, 'must give precedence to that Power who made both the sea and every fish that dwells therein.'

'We allow it,' said the Chaldean.

'The Indian and the Cathayan acknowledge one Supreme Being, or first cause, as well as you.—What that profound, worthy old man, the Grecian, has advanced, is, I must own, a little above my weak comprehension; but I am fully persuaded, he will allow there is a Supreme Being, on whom his favourite matter and form are entirely dependent.'

The Grecian, who was looked upon as a sage amongst them, said, with abundance of gravity, 'that Zadig had put a just construction on his meaning.'

'Now I appeal to you all,' said Zadig, 'whether you are not unanimous to a man, in the debate, and

whether

whether there are any just grounds for the least divi-
'sions or animosities amongst you?'

The whole company, cool at once, caressed him; and Setoc, after he had sold off all his goods and merchandize at a good price, took his friend Zadig home with him to the land of Horeb.

Zadig, upon his first arrival, was informed, th a prosecution had been carried on against him (ing his absence, and the sentence pronounc against him was, that he should be burned alive before a slow fire.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

WHILE Zadig attended his friend Setoc to Balzora, the priests of the stars determined to punish him.

As all the costly jewels, and other valuable ornaments, in which the young widows, that sacrificed themselves on their husbands' funeral pile, were their customary fees, it is no great wonder they should be inclined to burn Zadig, for having so severely struck at the root of their interest. He was, therefore, accused of holding heretical and erroneous tenets, in regard to the Celestial Host: they deposed, that he had been heard to deny that the stars ever set in the sea.

This horrid blasphemy so astonished the judges, that they were ready to rend their mantles at the sound, and would have made Zadig, had he been a man of affluence, pay very severely for his heretical opinions. But, in the height of their compassion for even such an infidel, they would lay no fine upon him, but content themselves with roasting him alive before a slow fire.

Setoc, though without hopes of success, used all the interest he had to save his bosom friend from so shocking a death. They, however, turned a deaf ear to all his remonstrances, and obliged him to be silent.

The young widow Almona, who by this time was not only reconciled to live a little longer, but had some taste for the pleasures of life, and knew that she was entirely indebted to Zadig for it, resolved, if possible, to free her benefactor from the funeral pile, of the abuse of which he had fully convinced her.

She revolved her design in secret, without imparting it to any one. Zadig was to be executed the next day,

day, and she had only the night in which she could save him. Her scheme for effecting this was as follows.

To render her charms conspicuous and attractive, she decorated herself with great splendour, and made use of the choicest perfumes; and, thus attired, demanded an audience of the high priest of the stars.—Upon her first admittance into his august and venerable presence, she addressed herself to him in the following terms.

'O thou first-born and well-beloved son of the 'great bear, brother of the bull, and first cousin to 'the dog, (these were the pontiff's high titles) I 'come to confess myself before you: my conscience is 'my accuser, and I am terribly afraid I have been 'guilty of a mortal sin, by declining the stated custom 'of burning myself on my husband's funeral pile? 'What could tempt me to a prolongation of my life, I 'cannot imagine? I, who am grown a perfect skeleton, all wrinkled and deformed.'

She paused, and pulling off, with a negligent but artful air, her long silk gloves, she displayed a soft, plump, naked arm, which for whiteness rivalled the snow. 'You see, Sir,' said she, 'that all my charms 'are decayed.'

'Decayed, Madam!' said the lascivious pontiff; 'No! your charms are still resistless.' His eyes, and his mouth, with which he kissed her hand, confirmed their power: 'Such an arm, by the great Orasmades, 'I never saw before!'

'Alas!' said the widow, with a modest blush, 'My arm, Sir, perhaps, may have the advantage of 'any hidden part; but see, good father, what a neck 'is here; as yellow as saffron! An object not worth 'the least regard.'

She then displayed the most snowy, panting bosom, that nature ever formed. A rose-bud on an ivory apple, if set in competition with her spotless whiteness, would have appeared like madder upon a shrub; and the

the whitest wool, just out of the laver, would seem but of a light-brown hue.

Her neck, her large black sparkling eyes, that languishingly rolled with the lustre of a tender fire; her lovely cheeks, glowing with white and red; her nose, which resembled the tower of mount Lebanon; her lips, which appeared like two borders of coral, inclosing two rows of the best pearls in the Arabian sea; such a combination, I say, of charms, made the old priest imagine he was scarce twenty years of age; and, in a kind of flutter, he began to make her a declaration of his tender regard. Almona, perceiving him enamoured, begged his interest in favour of Zadig.

'Alas! my dear charmer, my interest alone, when 'you request the favour, would be but a poor compli'ment; I will take care his acquittance shall be sign'ed by three more of my brother priests.'

'Do you sign first, however,' said Almona.

'With all my soul,' said the amorous priest, 'pro'vided——you will be kind, my dearest.'

'You do me too much honour,' said Almona: 'but 'should you think proper to pay me a visit after sun'set, as soon as the bright star Sheat twinkles on the 'horizon, you shall find me, most venerable father, 'reposed upon a rose-coloured sofa, embroidered with 'silver, where you shall use your pleasure with your 'humble servant.'

With that she made him a low curtesy; took up Zadig's general release, as soon as duly signed, and left the old dotard, full of love, though somewhat diffident of his own abilities.

He spent the remainder of the day in the bagnio; he drank large enlivening draughts of a water distilled from the cinnamon of Ceylon, and the costly spices of Tidor and Ternate, and waited with the utmost impatience for the rising of the brilliant Sheat.

In the mean time, Almona went to the second priest. He assured her that the sun, moon, and all the

the ſtarry hoſt of heaven, were but languid fires to her bright eyes. He put the queſtion to her, in ſhort, at once, and agreed to ſign upon her compliance.

She ſuffered herſelf to be over-perſuaded, and made an aſſignation to meet him as ſoon as the ſtar Algenib ſhould make its appearance.

From him ſhe repaired to the third and fourth pontiffs, taking care, wherever ſhe went, to ſee Zadig's acquittance duly ſigned, and made freſh appointments at the riſing of ſtar after ſtar.

When ſhe had carried her point thus far, ſhe ſent a meſſage to the judges of the court, who had condemned Zadig, requeſting their attendance at her houſe, that ſhe might adviſe with them upon an affair of the laſt importance. They waited on her accordingly, and ſhe produced Zadig's diſcharge duly ſigned by four ſeveral hands, and told them the definitive treaty between all the contracting parties.

Each of the pontifical gallants obſerved their ſummons to a moment. Each was ſtartled at the ſight of his rival; but ſtill more ſtruck at ſeeing the judges before whom the widow had laid open her caſe. Zadig procured an abſolute pardon; and Setoc was ſo charmed with the artful addreſs of Almona, that he married her the next day.

Zadig went afterwards to throw himſelf at the feet of his benefactreſs. Setoc and he took their leave of each other with tears in their eyes, and vowed an eternal mutual friendſhip ſhould be preſerved between them; and that ſhould fortune at any time prove more propitious than could be expected to either party, the other ſhould partake of an equal ſhare of his ſucceſs.

Zadig ſteered his courſe towards Syria; for ever pondering on the hard fate of the juſtly admired Aſtarte, and reflecting on his own ſtars, that ſo obſtinately darted down their malignant rays, and continued daily to torment him. 'What,'

‘ What,’ ſaid he, ‘ to pay four hundred ounces of
‘ gold for only ſeeing a dog paſs by me; to be con-
‘ demned to be beheaded for four trifling verſes in
‘ praiſe of the king; to be ſtrangled to death, becauſe
‘ a queen was pleaſed to look upon me; to be made
‘ a priſoner, and ſold as a ſlave, for ſaving a young
‘ woman from being groſsly abuſed by a brute; and
‘ be upon the brink of being roaſted alive, for no other
‘ offence than ſaving, for the future, all the widows in
‘ Arabia from becoming idle burnt offerings, and
‘ mingling their aſhes with thoſe of their deceaſed
‘ worthleſs huſbands.’

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ROBBER.

ZADIG, arriving at the frontiers which ſeparate Arabia Petræa from Syria, and paſſing by a very ſtrong caſtle, a party of armed Arabians ruſhed out upon him, and ſurrounding him, cried out; 'Whatever you have belonging to you is our property, but your perſon is entirely at our ſovereign's diſpoſal.'

Zadig, inſtead of replying, drew his ſword; and his attendant being a man of courage, drew likewiſe. Thoſe who firſt attacked them fell a ſacrifice to their fury: their numbers redoubled: but Zadig and his ſervant were determined not to yield till death. When two men defend themſelves againſt a whole gang, the conteſt doubtleſs cannot hold long.

The maſter of the caſtle, whoſe name was Arbogad, having beheld, from his window, the intrepidity and ſurpriſing exploits of Zadig, greatly admired him. He deſcended, therefore, in haſte, and giving orders himſelf to his vaſſals to deſiſt, delivered the two travellers out of their hands.

'Whatever paſſes over my territories,' ſaid he, 'and whatever I find that is valuable upon the premiſes of others, is my free booty; but, as you appear, Sir, to be a man of uncommon courage, you ſhall prove an exception to my general rule.' He then invited Zadig into his magnificent manſion, and in the evening they ſupped together.

The lord of the manſion was one of thoſe Arabians who are called free-booters; but a man who, amidſt a number of bad action, occaſionally did a good one.

He plundered without mercy; but was liberal in his benefactions. In action he was intrepid; in traffic, eaſy; in his eating, a perfect epicure; and in

in his drinking, an abſolute debauchee; but in his diſpoſition very frank and generous. Zadig pleaſed him extremely, ſo that his converſation prolonged the repaſt. At laſt, Arbogad ſaid to him, 'I would adviſe you to enliſt yourſelf in my troop; you cannot do better. My profeſſion is not a deſpicable one, and in time you may perhaps become as great a man as I am.'

'May I preſume,' ſaid Zadig, 'to aſk you one queſtion—How long may you have followed this honourable profeſſion?'

'From my youth,' replied his hoſt. 'I was only a valet, at firſt, to an Arabian, who indeed treated me kindly; but ſervitude was a ſtate of life to me inſupportable. It exaſperated me to ſee, in a wide world, which ought to be divided fairly between mankind, that fate had reſerved for me ſo ſcanty a portion. I communicated my grievance to an old ſage Arabian.

"Son," ſaid he, "do not deſpair; there was a grain of ſand that lamented itſelf as a worthleſs atom of the deſerts, but, in proceſs of time, it became a diamond, and is now the richeſt ornament of the Indian crown."

'The old man's diſcourſe fired me with ſome ambition; I was conſcious that I was at that time the atom he mentioned, and was determined if poſſible, to become the diamond.

'At my firſt ſetting out I ſtole two horſes; then I aſſociated myſelf with a gang who ſtopped and robbed the ſmall caravans: thus I gradually leſſened the wide diſproportion which there was at firſt between me and the reſt of mankind. I enjoyed not only my ſhare of the good things of this life, but was even recompenſed with uſury for my former ſufferings. I was looked upon as a man of conſequence, and I procured this caſtle by my military achievements. The ſatrape of Syria had intended to diſpoſſeſs me; but I was then too rich to be

'afraid of him; I gave the ſatrape a ſum of money, 'upon condition that I kept quiet poſſeſſion of my 'caſtle. And, at the ſame time, I aggrandized my 'domains; for he conſtituted me treaſurer of the im-'poſts that Arabia Petræa paid to the king of kings. 'I executed my truſt in every reſpect as I ought, in 'the capacity of a collector; but I never did, nor ever 'intended, to balance my account.

'The grand deſterham of Babylon ſent hither, in 'the name of the king Moabdar, a petty ſatrape with 'a commiſſion to ſtrangle me. He and his atten-'dants arrived here with his royal warrant; but I 'was appriſed of the affair, and accordingly ordered 'his whole retinue, conſiſting of four inferior officers, 'to be ſtrangled before his face, after the manner of 'my intended execution.

'I then aſked him what he thought the commiſſion 'with which he was entruſted might reaſonably be 'valued at; he anſwered, that he preſumed his pre-'mium, had he ſucceeded, might have amounted to 'about three hundred pieces of gold. I made him 'ſenſible, that it would be for his intereſt to be a 'commiſſioned officer under me. I made him ac-'cordingly deputy free-booter. He is at this day not 'only the beſt officer, but the richeſt I have in all my 'court. If my word may be credited, I will raiſe 'your fortune, as I have done his. There never was 'a better ſeaſon for robbery than the preſent; for 'Moabdar is killed, and all Babylon is in the greateſt 'confuſion!'

'Moabdar killed, ſaid you!' cried Zadig. 'And 'what is become of his royal conſort, Aſtarte?'

'I am ignorant of that,' replied Arbogad. 'All 'I know is, that Moabdar became a perfect mad-'man, and was murdered! and that the people of 'Babylon are deſtroying one another, and that the 'whole empire is laid waſte; and there is ſtill 'an opportunity for making ſeveral bold ſtrokes;

'and

'and let me tell you, Sir, I have been pretty ſucceſsful.'

'But the queen, Sir,' ſaid Zadig: 'pray favour me ſo far as to inform me if you know any thing of her majeſty.'

'I have heard ſomething,' ſaid he, 'of a certain prince of Hyrcania: it is very poſſible ſhe may have lifted herſelf among his concubines, if ſhe had the good fortune to eſcape the reſentment of thoſe popular tumults; but my head is more devoted to plunder than to news: I have taken ſeveral ladies priſoners in the courſe of my excurſions; but I ſeldom keep them; and ſuch as are handſomer than ordinary, I make the beſt market I can of them, without enquiring who they are. Their quality or titles will fetch no price at all: a queen, if ſhe is homely, is worth nothing. Perhaps I may have ſold the queen, or ſhe may be dead; but that is of little importance to me, and I ſuppoſe you have no more reaſon to trouble yourſelf about it than I have.'

After this he drank ſo plentifully, that all his ideas were too much confuſed for Zadig to gain any farther information: he was ſtruck dumb, confounded, and remained motionleſs as a ſtatue.

Arbogad continued drinking, told a number of merry ſtories, inceſſantly repeated that he was the happieſt man alive, and invited Zadig to become as cheerful as himſelf. At length, being overcome by the fumes of his liquor, he ſunk into a profound ſleep, while Zadig paſſed the night in the moſt violent agitations.

'What,' ſaid he, 'the king then has loſt his ſenſes! he is ſlain! I cannot but lament his fate. The empire is torn to pieces, and yet this robber is happy! O Fortune! O Deſtiny! A man who lives by rapine is happy; and the moſt amiable creature that Nature ever framed has, perhaps, either ſuffered an ignominious death, or lives in a ſtate

'worſe than even death itſelf! O Aſtarte! O Aſtarte! 'what is become of thee?'

As ſoon as day appeared, he went out, and enquired about Aſtarte of every one he ſaw. But the whole gang were too intent upon other matters to return him any anſwer. By virtue of their night's excurſion, they had brought in ſome freſh booty, and were buſy in dividing the ſpoil.

All the favour he could procure, in their hurry and tumult, was a permiſſion to depart without the leaſt examination. He took the advantage of their remiſſneſs, and left the premiſes, but more overwhelmed with grief and deep reflection than ever.

Zadig, in his journey, was very reſtleſs and uneaſy. His thoughts were for ever employed on the unfortunate Aſtarte; the king of Babylon; his boſom-friend, Cador; the happy free-booter Arbogad; the fair coquet, that was taken priſoner on the confines of Egypt, by the Babylonian courtiers; in a word, on the various ſcenes of misfortunes and diſappointments which he had ſucceſſively experienced.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FISHERMAN.

WHEN Zadig had travelled a few leagues from Arbogad's caſtle, he found himſelf on the banks of a little river, ſtill continuing to deplore his unhappy fate, and looking upon himſelf as the moſt unfortunate man exiſting.

He perceived at a little diſtance a fiſherman, reclined on a verdant bank, by the river ſide, trembling, ſcarce able to hold his net in his hand, which he ſeemed but little to regard, and with uplifted eyes imploring heaven's aſſiſtance.

'I am certainly,' ſaid the fiſherman, 'the moſt unhappy wretch that ever lived! No merchant in all Babylon was ever ſo noted for ſelling cream cheeſes, and yet I am ruined. No man ever had a more beautiful wife; but I have been treacherouſly deprived of her. I had ſtill left a poor, pitiful cottage, but that I have ſeen plundered and deſtroyed; and am now immured in a cell: I have nothing to depend upon but my fiſhery, and not a ſingle fiſh have I caught. Thou unfortunate net! I will never throw thee into the water more; ſooner will I throw myſelf in.'

The words were ſcarcely out of his mouth, but he ſtarted up, and ran to the river ſide, like one reſolutely bent on finiſhing his wretched exiſtence.

'Is it poſſible! ſaid Zadig. 'Is there then a man in being more wretched than I?'

His reſolution to ſave the poor man's life was as quick as his reflection. He ran to his aſſiſtance, and aſked him, with an air of pity and concern, the cauſe of his raſh intention.

It is a trite remark, that a perſon is leſs happy when he has a companion in his misfortunes. But, if we may credit Zoroaſter, this is not from a principle of malignity;

malignity, but the effect of necessity; for we then find ourselves attached to an unfortunate person, as to our own likeness. The transport of a happy man would be a kind of insult; but two persons in distress are like two slender trees, which, by supporting each other, are fenced against the storm that blows around them.

'Why are you thus cast down?' said Zadig to the fisherman. 'Never sink under the weight of your 'burthen.'

'I cannot avoid it,' said the fisherman. 'I have 'not the least prospect of redress. I was once, Sir, 'the most considerable person in the whole village of 'Derlbach, near Babylon, where I lived, and, with 'the help of my wife, made the best cream-cheeses 'in the Persian Empire. Her majesty, the queen 'Astarte, and the famous prime-minister, Zadig, 'were very fond of them. I served the court with 'about six hundred, and went the other day to re- 'ceive my money; but, before I had got into the 'suburbs of Babylon, I was informed, that not only 'the queen, but Zadig too, had privately left the 'court. Whereupon I ran directly to Zadig's house, 'where I found the officers of the grand desterham 'plundering, by virtue of his majesty's mandate, all 'his effects, in the most loyal and orderly manner.— 'From thence I made the best of my way to the 'queen's kitchen; where, applying myself to the 'steward of her houshold, and his inferior officers, one 'of them told me she was dead; another, that she was 'confined in prison; a third, indeed, said she had made 'her escape by flight; all, however, assured me that 'my cheeses would never be paid for. From thence 'I went, with my wife, to lord Orcan's, who was 'another of my court customers; of whom we begged 'for protection in our distress. The favour, I con- 'fess, was readily granted to my wife; but I was re- 'jected. She was fairer, Sir, than the fairest cheese I 'ever sold; from whence I date all my misfortunes; 'and

'and the bloom that adorned her bluſhing cheeks was 'ten times more lively than any Tyrian purple. For 'this reaſon Orcan detained her, and refuſed his pro-'tection to me. In the agonies of my deſpair, I 'wrote to my dear wife, who ſaid to the bearer, Oh! 'I have ſome little knowledge of this man: I have 'heard he makes excellent cream-cheeſes. Deſire him 'to ſend ſome, and tell him I will take care he ſhall 'be paid.'

'In my misfortunes, I determined to ſeek redreſs 'in a court of equity: I had but ſix ounces of gold 'left: two went for a fee to my counſellor; two to 'the ſolicitor who took my cauſe in hand; and the other 'two to the judge's clerk. Notwithſtanding this, my 'cauſe was not yet begun; and I had already ex-'pended more money than all my cheeſes and wife 'were worth. I returned therefore to my native ha-'bitation, with a full reſolution to ſell it for the 'ranſom of my wife.

'My little cot, with the appurtenances, were worth 'about threeſcore ounces of gold: but as the pur-'chaſers found I was neceſſitous, the firſt whom I ap-'plied to offered me thirty ounces; the ſecond twen-'ty; and the third, but ten. Juſt as I came to 'terms of accommodation with one of them, the 'prince of Hyrcania came to Babylon, and laid all 'waſte before him. My little cottage with all its 'furniture, was firſt plundered of all that was valua-'ble, and at laſt reduced to aſhes.

'Having thus loſt my money, my wife, and my 'houſe, I withdrew to this deſart. I have ſince en-'deavoured to procure a ſubſiſtence by fiſhing; but 'the fiſh, as well as all mankind, deſert me. I 'ſcarely catch one in a day: I am dying with hun-'ger; and had it not been for your generous interpo-'ſition, I had, ere this, periſhed in the river.'

This long detail of particulars, was not delivered without ſeveral interruptions; 'for' ſaid Zadig, with great

great warmth and confusion,' 'have you ever heard 'what became of the queen Astarte?'

'No, Sir,' said the disconsolate fisherman; but 'this I know, to my sorrow, that neither the queen, 'nor Zadig, ever paid me for my cream-cheeses, that 'my dear wife is taken from me; and that I am 'driven to the very brink of despair.'

'I am persuaded,' said Zadig, 'that you will not 'lose all your money. I have heard much of that 'same Zadig; he is reputed to be very honest; and 'if ever he returns to Babylon, he will discharge his 'debts with interest, like a man of honour. But, as 'for your wife, who appears to be not so very honest, 'I would advise you to take no farther trouble about 'her. Make the best of your way to Babylon. I 'shall be there before you. Make your applications 'to the illustrious Cador; tell him you met his friend 'upon the road; and stay there till I arrive. Observe 'my orders, and it is very probable it may turn out 'to your advantage.

'O puissant Orosmades,' continued Zadig, 'you have 'made me an instrument of comfort to this poor man: 'but what friend will you raise for me to alleviate my 'sorrows?' Having uttered this short expostulation, he gave the distressed fisherman a part of the money he had brought with him from Arabia.

The fisherman astonished and transported with joy at so unexpected a benefaction, kissed the feet of Cador's friend, and exclaimed, 'Surely you are a 'messenger of heaven, sent down to save me.'

In the mean time, Zadig frequently asked him questions, and wept as he asked them.

'What! Sir,' said the fisherman, 'can you, who 'are so bountiful a benefactor, be in distress yourself?'

'Alas!' said he, 'friend, I am infinitely more 'unhappy than thou art.'

'But pray, Sir,' said the good man, 'how can it 'possibly be, that he, who is so lavish of his favours, 'should

'should be overwhelmed with greater misfortunes
'than the man he so generously relieves?'

'Your greatest uneasiness,' replied Zadig, 'arose from the narrowness of your circumstances; but mine proceeds from an internal, and much deeper cause.'

'Pray, Sir,' said the fisherman, 'has Orcan robbed you of your wife.'

This interrogatory put Zadig in a moment upon a retrospection of all his past adventures. He recollected the whole series of his misfortunes; commencing from that of the eunuch and the huntsman, to his arrival at the castle of Arbogad the free-booter.

'Alas!' said he to the fisherman, 'Orcan, it is true, deserves severely to be punished: but, for the generality, we find such worthless barbarians are favourites of fortune. Be that as it will, go as I bade you, to my friend Cador, and wait there till I come.' They took their leave; the fisherman blessing his propitious stars; and Zadig cursing, every step he went, the hour he was born.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BASILISK.

AS Zadig was traverſing a verdant meadow, he perceived ſeveral young female Syrians, intent on ſearching for ſomething that lay concealed, as they imagined, in the graſs. He took the freedom to approach one of them, and aſked her, in the moſt courteous manner, if he might have the honour to aſſiſt her in her reſearches.

'Take care,' ſaid ſhe. 'What we are hunting 'after, Sir, is an animal that will not ſuffer itſelf to 'be touched by a man.'

'That is ſurpriſing,' ſaid Zadig. 'May I be ſo 'bold as to aſk what you are in ſearch of, that ſhuns 'the touch of any thing but the hands of the fair 'ſex?'

'It is, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'the baſiliſk.'

'A baſiliſk, Fair one!' ſaid he. 'And with what 'view are you ſearching after a creature ſo very diffi'cult to be met with?'

'It is, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'for our lord and maſter 'Ogul, whoſe caſtle you ſee, ſituated on the river ſide, 'at the bottom of the meadow. We are all his vaſ'ſals. Ogul is in a very ill ſtate of health, and his 'firſt phyſician has ordered him, as a ſpecific, to eat a 'baſiliſk, boiled in roſe-water: and as that animal is 'very hard to be caught, and will ſuffer nothing to 'approach it, but one of our ſex, our ſovereign Ogul 'has promiſed to honour her, that ſhall be ſo happy as 'to catch it for him, ſo far as to make her his conſort. 'This being the caſe, Sir, I hope you will not inter'rupt me any longer in the ſearch, leſt my rivals 'here in the field ſhould happen to circumvent 'me.'

Zadig withdrew, and left the Syrian ladies in queſt of their imaginary booty, in order to purſue his intended

tended journey. But as he came to the banks of a rivulet, at the remoteſt part of the meadow, he perceived another female, reclined on the graſs, and entirely diſengaged. Her ſtature ſeemed majeſtic, but her face was covered with a veil; and her eyes were fixt on the river, while the deepeſt ſighs heaved from her boſom. In her hand ſhe held a ſmall wand, with which ſhe was tracing out ſome characters on the dry ſand, that lay between the flowery bank ſhe ſat on, and the purling current.

Zadig's curioſity induced him, unperceived, to obſerve her operations at ſome diſtance. But approaching nearer, and perceiving very diſtinctly the firſt character to be the letter Z. the next A. and the third a D. he ſtarted; but when he ſaw the additional capitals of I. and G. his aſtoniſhment was too great for words to expreſs. He ſtood for ſome time immoveable: at laſt, in a ſoft faultering tone, he cried, 'O generous lady, forgive a ſtranger, overwhelmed with ſorrow, if he preſumes to aſk, by what amazing accident he finds the name of Zadig delineated by ſo lovely a hand.'

At the ſound of theſe words the fair one aroſe, and with a trembling hand lifting up her veil, and ſeeing Zadig, ſhe uttered a cry of tenderneſs, ſurpriſe and joy, till, ſinking under the various emotions which at that inſtant agitated her ſoul, ſhe fell ſenſeleſs in his arms. It was Aſtarte herſelf; it was the Queen of Babylon; it was the very goddeſs whom Zadig adored; whoſe hard fate he had ſo long deplored; and for whoſe ſake he had felt ſo many agonizing pains.

For a few minutes Zadig ſtood ſenſeleſs, and deprived of ſpeech; his eyes fixed on Aſtarte, who, beginning to revive, caſt a tender glance on him, attended with ſome confuſion. 'O ye immortal powers,' cried he, 'who preſide over the deſtiny of frail mortals! have ye indeed reſtored me my Aſtarte! but

 'alas!

'alas! at what a conjuncture, in what a place, and in 'what a state and condition do I view her!'

He threw himself prostrate on the ground, and kissed the dust of her feet. The Queen of Babylon raised him up, and obliged him to sit by her on the flowery bank whereon she was reposed. Often did she endeavour to renew her discourse; but her tears and sighs as often interrupted her: she pressed him to relate the hardships he had undergone since their separation, and by what chance he traversed that solitary meadow; but, repeating question upon question, she prevented any answer.

At last, both of them having, in some measure, appeased the tumult of their souls, Zadig related in a few words the motives that brought him to that place.

'But tell me, O unfortunate, but ever worthy queen,' said he, 'how it is I find you in this solitary place, 'dressed in this servile habit, accompanied by other 'female slaves, who are in quest of a basilisk, which, 'as I understand, is, by order of a celebrated physi- 'cian, to be dissolved in rose-water, as a specific me- 'dicine for his dying patient?'

'While they are busy in their fruitless search,' said the beauteous Astarte, 'I will relate to you the sor- 'rows I have undergone since last we parted; and since 'heaven has thus unexpectedly blest me once more with 'the sight of my dear Zadig, I will no longer exclaim 'against my fate.

'You are not insensible, that the jealous king, my 'husband, was disgusted to find you the most amiable 'of all mankind, and that, for no other reason, he de- 'termined to strangle you, and poison me. You 'know well too, that heaven inspired my little dwarf 'with artful means to give me timely notice of the rash 'resolutions of the king my husband.

'No sooner had the faithful Cador obliged you to 'obey my orders, and to fly the court, but he ventured

'to

'to enter my apartment in the dead of night, through 'a private door. He ſnatched me up, and conveyed 'me directly into the temple of Oroſmades, where the 'holy magus, who was his brother, locked me up in 'that auguſt and awful ſtatue, that ſtands erect upon 'the pavement of the temple, and, Coloſſus like, 'touches the lofty ceiling with his head. There I lay 'concealed, or rather buried for ſome time; furniſhed 'with all the neceſſaries of life by that venerable 'prieſt.

'The king's apothecary at day break entered my 'apartment, with a potion in his hand, compoſed of 'opium, black hellebore, aconite, and other ingredi- 'ents ſtill more baneful. Whilſt this mercenary offi- 'cer of the king's vengeance was thus employed, ano- 'ther, as inhuman as himſelf, went to your lodgings 'with the ſilken cord. Our flight however happily 'fruſtrated their deſign.

'Cador, the more artfully to deceive the king, ac- 'cuſed us both as perfidious traitors, and informed 'him that you had taken your flight towards India; 'and that I was fled to Memphis. The guards were 'immediately ordered to purſue us both.

'The couriers, who were ſent after me, knew no- 'thing of my features, for, by the king's expreſs or- 'ders, I had never expoſed my face unveiled to any but 'yourſelf. Having no other marks to diſtinguiſh me 'but my ſtature, a young woman, juſt of my ſize, pre- 'ſented herſelf to their view on the frontiers of Egypt. 'She was found alone, and in a very diſconſolate con- 'dition. They therefore entertained no doubt but 'this was the queen of Babylon; and therefore con- 'veyed her inſtantly to my huſband Moabdar. Their 'groſs miſtake at firſt incenſed his majeſty to the laſt 'degree: but, after having viewed her with an atten- 'tive eye, he found ſhe was extremely beautiful, and 'was reconciled. Her name was Miſſouf. I have 'been ſince informed, that her name, in the Egyptian 'language, ſignifies the *Fair Coquet*, a title to which

'ſhe certainly had a juſt claim. She had, however, as 'much art as caprice; for ſhe pleaſed the king of 'kings, and had ſuch influence over him, that he made 'choice of her for his wife.

'She now threw aſide all diſguiſe, and indulged in 'every caprice her vain imagination could ſuggeſt. 'She inſiſted that the chief of the magi, aged and di-'ſeaſed as he was, ſhould dance before her; and on his 'refuſal, ſhe cauſed him to feel the effects of her reſent-'ment. She ordered his majeſty's grand maſter of the 'horſe to make her a pie of ſweet-meats. He repre-'ſented to her that he was no cook; a tart, however, 'he muſt make; and ſhe diſcharged him for being ſo 'careleſs as to burn one corner of the cruſt. She gave 'his poſt to her favourite dwarf, and made her page 'the keeper of the great ſeal. Thus ſhe reigned arbi-'trary; was the female tyrant of Babylon; and the 'people in general regretted my departure.

'The king, who never acted the part of a tyrant 'till the moment he would have impriſoned me, and 'ſtrangled you, ſeemed to have drowned all his good 'qualities in his dotage on this capricious woman. 'He came to the temple on the ſolemn feſtival of the 'ſacred fire. I ſaw him proſtrate on the pavement be-'fore the ſtatue wherein I was incloſed, imploring the 'gods to ſhower down their choiceſt bleſſings on his 'beautiful Miſſouf.

'I, with an audible and diſtinct voice, addreſſed my-'ſelf thus, like an oracle, to the king of kings.' "The gods diſregard the prayers of a monarch, who "is become a tyrant over his ſubjects; has ſought the "life of his innocent conſort, and has ſuffered one to "ſupply her place, who is diſtinguiſhed only by her "folly."

'At theſe words the king trembled, and his brain 'became diſordered. In a few days, through the con-'duct of Miſſouf, and the effect of the oracle, his rea-'ſon entirely forſook him. This was the ſignal for 'revolt; the people aroſe, and ran to arms, and Baby-'lon,

'lon, that had ſo long indulged herſelf in indolence 'and eaſe, became the theatre of a ſanguinary civil 'war.

'I was now taken from my magnificent priſon, in 'the hollow of the ſtatue, and ſet at the head of a very 'powerful party. Your friend Cador haſtened to 'Memphis, in hopes to find you there, and bring you 'back to Babylon.

'The prince of Hyrcania, hearing of theſe inteſtine 'broils, came with a powerful army, in order to form 'a third party among the Babylonians. He attacked 'the king, who, with his fair, but fickle, Egyptian, 'fled before him. Moabdar, however, was ſo cloſely 'purſued, that he died of the wounds he received in 'his retreat; and Miſſouf became the fair victim of the 'conqueror.

'As for my part, I had the misfortune to be over-'powered likewiſe, and taken priſoner by an Hyrca-'nian party, who brought me into the preſence of the 'young prince, at the moment Miſſouf ſtood before 'him. You will ſmile when I tell you the prince 'conſidered me as the moſt amiable captive of the two; 'but you will be diſtreſſed to hear, that my hard fate 'doomed me to be a vaſſal in his ſeraglio.

'He then informed me, that as ſoon as he had con-'cluded a military expedition, he would honour me 'with a viſit. Judge the dreadful apprehenſions I 'was under, upon his making ſuch a declaration. 'My obligations to Moabdar were all cancelled, I 'had the opportunity of being the bride of Zadig, and 'was fallen into the power of a barbarian.

'I anſwered him with all the reſentment becoming 'one of my high character and exalted ſentiments. I 'had always heard that heaven beſtowed on perſons of 'my rank ſuch peculiar majeſty and grandeur, that, 'with a bare word, or the glance of an angry eye, 'they could abaſh the pride of thoſe raſh beings who 'dared oppoſe their inclinations.

'I ſpoke like a queen, but was treated like the

'most servile domestic. The haughty Hyrcanian, 'without ever condescending to address himself to me, turned to his black eunuch, and told him that I was 'very impertinent; but he thought me very handsome. 'He gave him therefore particular orders to take care 'of me, and put me under the same regimen as one of 'his favourites, in order that I might recover my co- 'lour, which was somewhat too languid, and that I 'might become worthy of his royal favours, and be 'qualified to receive him, when he should honour me 'so far as to fix the day. I told him, I would rather 'suffer death. He replied, with a sneer, that life was 'a blessing too valuable to be thrown away; that 'young women, like me, seldom killed themselves; 'and that they were made for enjoyment. He then 'left me with as much carelessness, as if he had shut up 'a parrot in her gilded cage. What a shocking state 'for the first queen of the universe! Nay, I will say 'more, for a heart that was wholly devoted to "Zadig!'

At these endearing words, Zadig prostrated himself at her feet, and bathed them with his tears. Astarte immediately raised him in the most courteous manner, and thus continued her narration.—'I too plainly per- 'ceived that I was subject to the tyranny of a barba- 'rian, and the rival of a coquet, that was a slave like 'myself. She related to me all her past adventures in 'Egypt.

'From the description she gave of her gallant, the 'time and place, the dromedary on which he was 'mounted, and from every other minute circumstance, 'I imagined it was Zadig that fought for her. As I 'made no doubt but that you resided somewhere in 'Memphis, I determined to retire there. "Beaute- "ous Missouf," said I, "you are of a much spright- "lier disposition than I; you will be able to amuse "the gay young prince of Hyrcania much better than "I shall. Find out some way therefore for my escape; "you will then reign alone, and while you render me "happy,

"happy, you will be exempt from the fear of a rival."
' Miſſouf agreed to my meaſures; and I took my de-
' parture, with no other attendant than an old Egyp-
' tian ſlave.

' No ſooner had I reached the borders of Arabia, ' than a notorious free-booter, named Arbogad, ſeized ' me, and ſold me to ſome merchants, who conveyed ' me to this caſtle, the reſidence of the Emir Ogid, ' whence I was purchaſed without being known. He ' is a perfect debauchee; and imagines that the Al- ' mighty ſent him into the world for no other purpoſe, ' than to gratify his ſenſual appetites. He is ſo exceſ- ' ſively corpulent, that he is in continual danger of ſuf- ' focation. His phyſician can perſuade him to take ' any thing for his relief: though he laughs at him, ' and deſpiſes his advice when he is well. He has in- ' timated to him, that at preſent his life is in danger, ' and nothing can ſave him but a baſiliſk boiled in ' roſe-water. The grand Ogul has therefore promiſed ' his laſt favours to that ſlave who ſhall firſt procure ' him a baſiliſk. You ſee I leave others to ſtruggle ' for the honour propoſed; and I never had leſs incli- ' nation to find out the baſiliſk than at preſent, ſince I ' have once more met with my deareſt Zadig.'

After this declaration, Aſtarte and Zadig renewed with warmth the virtuous affection which they had long conceived for each other; and reciprocally uttered the tendereſt expreſſions that love in diſtreſs could deviſe. And the genii, who preſide over all the ſoft paſſions, wafted their mutual vows of eternal conſtancy and truth to the ſphere of Venus.

The train of ſlaves returned to Ogul, having ſearched in vain for the baſiliſk. Zadig was introduced to this illuſtrious prince, and addreſſed him to this effect.

' May immortal health deſcend from heaven to pre- ' ſerve a life ſo precious as yours. I am a phyſician: ' I haſtened to your palace, on the firſt news of your ' dangerous ſituation, and have brought with me a ba- ' ſiliſk

'silisk distilled in rose-water. As I can have no benefit from the high reward you have offered, in case I succeed in my application: all the favour I request, is, the release of one of your Babylonish slaves, who has been in your highness's retinue for a short time. And I am willing to be your slave in her stead, if I fail of restoring the most illustrious and potent Ogul to his pristine state of health.'

The proposal was accepted. Astarte was instantly discharged, and set out for Babylon, with a proper attendant, according to Zadig's direction. Their parting was affectionate, tender, and expressive of the strongest obligation to each other.

The moments of meeting, and those of parting, are, according to the book of Zend, the two most remarkable epochas of a lover's life. Zadig's affection for the queen, and the queen's love for Zadig, had made a deeper impression on her heart than she thought proper to discover.

In the mean time, Zadig, again addressing himself to Ogul, said; 'my basilisk, Sir, is not to be eaten; all its virtues must penetrate through your pores; I have inclosed it in a bladder, full-blown, and carefully covered with the softest leather. You must kick this bladder, Sir, once a day, about your hall for a whole hour together, with all possible vigour and activity. This exercise must be repeated every morning, and I will attend the operation: upon your due observance of the regimen I shall prescribe to you, I doubt not, but, with the blessing of heaven, I shall give you ample demonstration of my skill in physic.'

Ogul, on the first experiment, was ready to expire with fatigue and loss of breath. The second day he was less fatigued, and slept better at night. In short, in about eight days, our doctor performed an absolute cure. His patient recovered all the strength and vigour, that he enjoyed in the bloom of youth.

'Now, Sir,' said Zadig, 'I will be ingenuous with you,

'you, and diſcloſe to you the important ſecret. You 'have played at foot-ball theſe eight days; and you 'have lived, during that time, within the bounds of 'ſobriety and moderation. Know, Sir, that there is 'no ſuch animal in nature as a baſiliſk; that health 'is to be ſecured by temperance and exerciſe; and 'that the art of making health conſiſtent with luxury 'is impracticable, and, in all reſpects, as idle and chi-'merical, as thoſe of the philoſopher's ſtone, judicial 'aſtrology, or the theology of the magi.'

Ogul's former phyſician, apprehenſive that this unexpected cure, thus wrought by a ſtranger, through ſuch an anti-medicinal preparation, might poſſibly not only render himſelf the object of contempt in the eye of his great maſter, but caſt a ſtigma on his whole fraternity, convened a ſet of petty doctors and apothecaries, who were his vaſſals, and entirely devoted to his intereſt, to find out ſome means to cut off in private his dreadful rival; but, while they were concerting their wicked plot, Zadig received a meſſage by a courier from the queen Aſtarte.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TOURNAMENTS.

THE queen was received at Babylon with all thoſe tranſports of joy uſually felt in favour of injured beauty and innocence. This city was now perfectly tranquil. The young prince of Hyrcania had been ſlain in battle; and the victorious Babylonians declared that Aſtarte ſhould wed ſuch perſon as they might chuſe to appoint their ſovereign.

They were determined that the firſt office in the world, that of Royal Conſort to Aſtarte, and King of Babylon, ſhould not be obtained by party faction, or court intrigue, but ſhould depend on ſuperior valour and diſtinguiſhed wiſdom.

A circus was marked out a ſmall diſtance from the city, and ſurrounded by a commodious amphitheatre. Thither the combatants were to repair, completely armed. Each had a diſtinct apartment behind the amphitheatre, by which means his perſon could not be known. They were to enter the liſts four times; and thoſe who vanquiſhed four knights, competitors, were afterwards to engage each other in ſingle combat, in order that he who ſhould remain maſter of the field ſhould be proclaimed the conqueror.

Four days after they were to meet again, armed as before, and to explain ſuch ænigmas as the magi ſhould think proper to propoſe; and if they could not explain them, they were again to enter the liſts, till a perſon ſhould be found who was triumphat in both theſe conteſts; for it was their determinate reſolution, to have a king of the greateſt valour, and the moſt conſummate underſtanding.

The queen all this time was to be ſtrictly guarded, and only permitted to be a diſtant ſpectator, covered with a veil; but was not to converſe with the competitors,

petitors, that ſo they might neither receive favour nor ſuffer injuſtice.

Aſtarte found means to acquaint her lover of all theſe preliminary articles, doubting not, on ſuch an occaſion, of the moſt gallant diſplay of his ſuperior courage and wiſdom. Zadig accordingly ſet out for Babylon, imploring Venus not only to fortify his courage, but to enlighten his underſtanding.

On the eve of this great day Zadig arrived on the banks of the Euphrates. He inſcribed his device among the liſt of combatants; concealing his perſon and name as the laws of the election required; and then withdrew to the apartment allotted him.

His friend Cador, who was juſt returned to Babylon, after a fruitleſs ſearch for Zadig in Egypt, ſent a complete ſuit of armour into his lodge, which was a preſent from the queen, and alſo one of the fineſt horſes in Perſia. Zadig was convinced theſe preſents came from the queen, and was thereby animated with freſh vigour and more ſanguine hopes.

The next day, the queen being ſeated under a canopy of jewels, and the amphitheatre filled with all the people of rank in Babylon, the combatants appeared in the circus, and each advancing towards the chief grand magi, depoſited his device at his feet. They were drawn by lot, and Zadig's happened to be the laſt.

The firſt that advanced was a nobleman, of the name of Itobad, very rich and vain, but a ſtranger to real courage; very awkward, and a man void of mental accompliſhments.

His attending ſycophants flattered him, that ſo worthy a man as he could not fail of victory: and he himſelf imperiouſly ſaid, 'A man of ſo much merit 'as I am muſt be king:' upon which they armed him cap-a-pee. His armour was made of pure gold, enamelled

enamelled with green. He had a grand plume of feathers, and his lance was ornamented with green ribbands.

When the ſpectators ſaw the manner in which Itobad managed his horſe, they were perſuaded he was not deſtined to ſway the ſceptre of Babylon. He was thrown out of his ſaddle by the firſt combatant. The ſecond threw him entirely over the horſe's crupper, and laid him extended on the ground, with his legs ſhaking in the air.

Notwithſtanding this ill ſucceſs, Itobad remounted, but in ſo awkward a manner, that the whole amphitheatre reſounded with laughter. The third, diſdaining to uſe his lance, made only a feint at him; then catching hold of his right leg, and whirling him round, threw him flat on the ſand. His attendants flew to his aſſiſtance, and, with a ſneer, remounted him. The fourth combatant catched hold of his left leg, and unhorſed him again.

He was then conveyed, with ſcornful ſhouts from the hiſſing multitude, to his lodge, where he was to paſs the night, agreeable to the law in that caſe provided. In his way there, he ſaid, 'What an unfor'tunate adventure is this to one of my character and 'birth!'

The reſt of the combatants acquitted themſelves with more credit. Some conquered two antagoniſts, and others three. Prince Otamus, however, was the only one who vanquiſhed four.

Zadig, at laſt, entered the liſts, and alternately diſmounted all his four opponents with the utmoſt eaſe, and in ſo graceful a manner, that he was univerſally admired.

The caſe ſtanding thus, Zadig and Otamus were to end the day's entertainment in ſingle combat. The latter's armour was of a blue colour, mixed with gold, with a plume of the ſame colour. Thoſe of the former were white.

The ſpectators were divided in their wiſhes. Aſtarte

Aſtarte, who was in a dreadful uncertainty, put up her ſecret prayers to the Goddeſs Venus for her beloved Zadig.

Theſe two heroes made their paſſes and vaults ſo dexterouſly, and remained ſo firm in their ſaddles, giving each other ſuch repulſes with their lances, that every one preſent, except the queen, wiſhed for two kings of Babylon. Their horſes being now tired, and both their lances broken, Zadig made uſe of the following ſtratagem, of which prince Otamus was not apprized.

He paſſed artfully behind his antagoniſt, ſprung nimbly upon his horſe, ſeized the knight in his arms, threw him to the earth, then jumped into his ſeat, and wheeled round him, while he lay extended on the ground. On this the whole amphitheatre exclaimed, 'Victory! Victory!' in favour of the champion in white.

Otamus, greatly enraged, aroſe, and drew his ſword. Zadig ſprang from his horſe with his ſabre in his hand. Now behold the two chieftains commencing a freſh trial of their ſkill, where each alternately had the advantage; for both were ſtrong, and both were active.

The feathers of their helmets, the ſtuds of their bracelets, their coats of mail, flew about in pieces, occaſioned by the furious blows which they repeated a thouſand times. Sometimes they ſtruck at each other with the edge of their ſwords, at other times they thruſt with their points. Now on the right, then on the left; now on the head, then at the breaſt: they retreated, they advanced; they kept at a diſtance, they cloſed again; they graſped each other, turning and twiſting like two ſerpents; and engaged each other with the fierceneſs of two Lybian lions fighting for their prey; their ſwords ſtriking fire at every blow.

At laſt, Zadig, to recover his breath, pauſed for a moment, and afterwards, making a paſs at the

prince, threw him on his back, and disarmed him. Upon this Oramus cried out, 'Thou alone, O knight 'of the white armour, are destined to be blest with 'the crown of Babylon.'

Astarte was transported with joy. The two champions were re-conducted to their separate apartments, agreeable to the laws prescribed. Several mutes were ordered to attend the combatants, and furnish them with proper refreshment. It may be easily imagined that her majesty's dwarf was appointed to wait on Zadig.

Supper being ended, the mutes withdrew, and left the combatants to rest their wearied limbs till the next morning; when the victor was to produce his device, before the principal of the magi, in order to compare notes, and discover the victor.

Zadig being fatigued with his day's labour, slept very soundly, notwithstanding his affectionate regard for Astarte. Itobad, who lodged in the apartment next to his, could not compose himself to rest, so much was he mortified at his ill success. He arose therefore in the middle of the night, stole imperceptibly into Zadig's apartment, and carrying off his white armour and device, left his green one in its place.

At day break, he went boldly to the principal of the magi, to declare himself the potent hero, the thrice happy conqueror. Accordingly he gained his point, and was proclaimed victor before Zadig awoke. So unexpected a disappointment greatly dispirited the queen, and she returned to the Babylonian court filled with melancholy and despair.

The greatest part of the company had left the amphitheatre before Zadig arose from his bed. He searched every corner of the room for his arms; but could find none but those in green, which he was obliged, though much against his inclination, to put on, having nothing else to appear in.

Confounded, and swelled with resentment, he drest himself, and in that despicable equipage made his appearance.

pearance. The people who remained in the circus received him with hootings and hiſſes; they made a ring about him, and treated him with every mark of ignominy and contempt.

He could bear their inſults no longer, and therefore cut his way through the mob with his rival's ſabre; but he knew not what meaſures to purſue, or how to rectify ſo dreadful a miſtake.

He could not procure a ſight of Aſtarte, nor could he reclaim the white armour he received from her; that being the compromiſe, to which the combatants had all agreed. Thus he was on the one hand plunged in an abyſs of ſorrow, and on the other almoſt diſtracted with vexation and reſentment.

In this ſolitary ſtate, he withdrew to the banks of the Euphrates, fully perſuaded that his unlucky ſtar had ſhed its moſt baleful influence on him, and that his misfortunes were irretrievable, revolving in his mind all his diſappointments, from his firſt adventure with Semira, who had ſuch an averſion to every perſon that had but one eye, to the late loſs of his white armour.

'How ſeverely,' ſaid Zadig, 'have I experienced 'the fatal conſequences attendant upon a ſluggard! 'If I had been more watchful, I had been Aſtarte's 'bleſſed conſort, and been happy in her tender em- 'braces. All the knowledge of books or mankind, 'all the perſonal bravery that I can boaſt of, has only 'proved an aggravation of my ſorrows.'

He at laſt carried his reflections ſo far as to repine at the unequal diſpenſations of Divine Providence: and even began to imagine that all occurrences were governed by a malignant deity, which continually oppreſſed the virtuous, and crowned the actions of ſuch miſcreants as the knight in green with ſucceſs.

In one of his frantic fits he dreſſed himſelf in this unhappy armour, which had gained him ſo many enemies; and a merchant accidentally paſſing that

 way,

way, he ſold it to him for a trifle, taking in exchange nothing more than a mantle and a cap.

In this dreſs he walked along the banks of the Euphrates, filled with the deepeſt ſorrow, and reflecting on Providence for involving him in ſo many afflictions.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HERMIT.

AS Zadig was ruminating and rambling along, he met with a hermit, whose white and venerable beard descended to his girdle, and whose attention seemed fixed on a book he held in his hand. Zadig approached with profound obeisance, and the hermit returned the compliment with such an air of majesty and benevolence, that Zadig's curiosity prompted him to converse with him.

Addressing the venerable stranger, 'Sir,' said he, 'what may be the contents of the treatise you are 'reading with such attention?'

'It is the Book of Fate,' said the hermit: and asking him if he wished to peruse it?—he put the book into the hands of Zadig, who, though a perfect master of several languages, could not decipher a single character. This raised his curiosity still higher.

'You seem dejected,' said the good father to him.

'Alas! I have sufficient cause,' said Zadig.

'If you will permit me to accompany you,' said the hermit, 'perhaps I may be of service to you. 'I have sometimes administered consolation to the 'minds of the afflicted.'

Zadig entertained a great regard for the air, the beard, and the book of this venerable old man. He found him the most learned person he had ever met. He discoursed on destiny, justice, morality, the sovereign good, the frailty of nature, on virtue and vice, with such persuasive eloquence, that Zadig was attached to him by an irresistible charm. He begged he would favour him with his company to Babylon.

'That favour I was going to ask myself,' said the hermit.

'Swear

'Swear, by Orosmades, that whatever I do you will not leave me, for some days at least.'

Zadig took the oath, and they pursued their journey together.

The two travellers arrived that evening at a superb castle. The hermit entreated an hospitable reception for himself and his young comrade. The porter, who might have been mistaken for a lord, admitted them with a kind of disdainful air, and conducted them, however, to the head steward, who shewed them his master's magnificent apartments.

At supper the two travellers were seated at the lower end of the table, where they were served with as much delicacy and profusion as any of the other guests, but received no marks of attention from the host. When they arose from table, they washed their hands in a golden bason, set with emeralds and rubies. At last, they were conducted into a bed-chamber richly furnished; and the next morning, two pieces of gold being presented to them, they were dismissed.

'The proprietor of this castle,' said Zadig, as they were upon the road, 'appears to be a very hospitable man; though somewhat haughty, and too imperious.'

No sooner had he uttered these words, than he perceived the pocket of his comrade's garment, though large, much swelled, and greatly distended: and upon viewing it more nearly, he discovered he had brought away the golden bason.

He feared to take notice of the fact, but the thought of it gave him much concern.

At noon, the hermit knocked with his staff at the door of a little cottage, the apparent residence of an old rich miser, and desired that he and his companion might refresh themselves there for a few hours. An old servant let them in, with apparent reluctance, and shewed them into the stable, where all their fare was a few musty olives, and a draft of sour beer.

The

The hermit ſeemed as contented with his repaſt as he was the night before.

At laſt, riſing from his ſeat, he paid his compliments to the old ſervant, (who narrowly watched them the whole time, and frequently preſſed them to depart), and gave him the two pieces of gold he had received that morning, as a token of his gratitute for his hoſpitable entertainment. Adding, ' I would willingly ſpeak with your maſter before I go.'

The ſervant complied with his requeſt. ' Moſt hoſpitable Sir,' ſaid the hermit, ' I could not depart without returning you my grateful acknowledgement for the friendly reception we have met. Pleaſe to accept this golden baſon, as a ſmall token of my gratitude and eſteem.'

The miſer ſtarted, and was ready to fall at the ſight of ſo valuable a preſent; but the hermit leaving him to recover of his ſupriſe, immediately departed with his young comrade.

' Father,' ſaid Zadig, ' What have I ſeen? You ſeem to act in a manner different from the generality of mankind. You take from him who entertained you with profuſion, and give to a covetous wretch, who treated you with indignity.'

' Son,' replied the old man, ' this vain lord, who receives ſtrangers with no other view than to gratify his pride, will henceforward learn to be wiſer; and the miſer, in future, will ſhew the traveller more hoſpitality: be not ſurpriſed, but follow me.'

Zadig was at a loſs to determine whether his companion was a man of greater wiſdom than ordinary, or a madman. But the hermit ſpoke with ſuch an authoratitive air, that he knew not how to leave him.

At night they came to a houſe very commodiouſly built, but neat and plain, without the appearance of either want or profuſion. The maſter was a philoſopher, that had retired from the buſy world, to live in peace, and form his mind to wiſdom and virtue.

He

He built this little houſe for the reception of ſtrangers, in an hoſpitable manner, but without oſtentation.

He went himſelf to introduce the two travellers, and conducted them to a commodious apartment, where he deſired them to reſt themſelves.

In a ſhort time he invited them to a frugal, yet elegant repaſt; during which he talked very intelligently about the late revolutions in Babylon. He ſeemed to be entirely in the queen's intereſt, and heartily wiſhed that Zadig had entered the liſt for the regal prize: 'But Babylon,' ſaid he, 'does not deſerve a king of ſo much merit.'

A modeſt bluſh appeared in Zadig's face at this unexpected compliment, which ſerved only to remind him of his misfortunes.

It was agreed, that the affairs of this world took ſometimes a different turn to what the wiſeſt men would wiſh them.

The hermit replied, 'the ways of Providence are 'intricate and obſcure, and mortals err in judging of 'the whole upon the bare inſpection of the minuteſt 'parts.'

Their next topic was the paſſions. 'Alas!' ſaid Zadig, 'how fatal in their conſequences!'

'They are the winds that ſwell the ſails of the veſ'ſel,' replied the hermit. 'Sometimes, it is true, they 'overſet it; but there is no ſailing without them. The 'bile makes us peeviſh and ſick, but there is no living 'without it. Though every thing here below is dan'gerous, yet every thing is neceſſary.'

Their diſcourſe was turned on pleaſures; and the hermit demonſtrated that they were the gifts of heaven; arguing that man cannot beſtow either ſenſations or ideas on himſelf; but muſt receive them all, as well as his being, from a ſuperior cauſe.

Zadig was aſtoniſhed that a man, who had committed ſuch vile actions, could argue ſo well on morality. At

At laſt, after a pleaſing and inſtructive converſation, their hoſt conducted them to their bed-chamber, thanking heaven for directing two ſtrangers of ſo much wiſdom and virtue to his houſe.

He offered them money to defray their expences on the road, but with ſuch an air of reſpect and benevolence, that it was impoſſible to give the leaſt diſguſt.

The hermit, however, refuſed it, and took his leave, as he propoſed to depart early in the morning for Babylon.

Their parting was very affectionate.

Zadig, in particular, expreſſed a more than common regard for a man of ſo amiable a diſpoſition.

When the hermit and he were alone, they paſſed much time in beſtowing praiſes on their new hoſt.

At break of day, the hermit, waking his comrade, ſaid, "It is time to be gone; but as all in the 'houſe are faſt aſleep, I will leave a token behind me 'of my reſpect for the maſter of it.'

No ſooner had he uttered theſe words, than he ſet the building in a flame.

Zadig, in the utmoſt conſternation, ſhrieked, and would have prevented him.

The hermit, however, dragged him away by a ſuperior force, and the houſe was ſoon in a blaze.

When they had reached a convenient diſtance, the hermit, with an amaſing ſerenity, turned back, and ſurveyed the deſtructive flames. 'Behold,' ſaid he, 'our fortunate friend! In the ruins he will find an 'immenſe treaſure, that will enable him henceforth to 'exert his beneficence, and render his virtues more and 'more conſpicuous.'

Zadig was now tempted at one and the ſame inſtant, to ridicule, to reproach, to chaſtize, and leave the reverend Father, but, ſubdued by the authority he had aſſumed, he attended him to the next ſtage, which was the cottage of a virtuous widow, who had a nephew

phew about fourteen years of age. This youth was the darling of her heart.

She entertained her two guests in the best manner her little house afforded.

In the morning she ordered her nephew to attend them to an adjacent bridge, which, having been lately broken, rendered the passage dangerous to strangers. The youth, being very attentive, went foremost.

As they were on the middle of the bridge, 'Come 'hither, my little boy,' said the hermit. 'I must 'shew my gratitude to your aunt for her last night's 'favours.' He then seized him by the hair, and, with great calmness, threw him into the river.

The youth sunk, arose again to the surface, but was soon lost in the stream.

'O monster! O villain!' cried Zadig.

'Did not you promise,' said the hermit, 'to view 'my conduct with patience? Know then that under 'the ruins of that house, which Providence has con-'sumed by fire, the master has found immense trea-'sure, which will enable him to exert his beneficence: 'Learn also, that this youth, whom Providence has 'taken away by an untimely death, had he lived, 'another year, would have been the murderer of his 'aunt.'

'Who told you so, barbarian? said Zadig: and 'when did you read that inhuman event in your black 'Book of Fate? Who gave you permission to drown 'so innocent a youth, who never did you injury?'

While Zadig was thus exclaiming, he observed the old man's beard vanish, and that his face discovered the traces of blooming youth; the hermit's habit disappeared, and four angelic wings covered a magistic form, resplendent with light.

'O thou messenger of heaven! O thou angelic form!' cried Zadig, and fell prostrate at his feet, 'thou art 'descended from the Empyrean to instruct a poor frail 'mortal how to submit to the orders of the Eternal.'

'Man,' said the angel Jesrad, 'judges of the whole, 'only

'only viewing a part. Thou, of all the human race, 'most deserves to have thy mind enlightened.'

Zadig begged leave to speak. 'I am diffident of 'myself,' said he; 'but may I presume, Sir, to beg 'the solution of one scruple? Would it not have been 'better to have chastised the youth, and by that 'means reformed him, than to have cut him off thus 'unprepared.'

Jesrad replied, 'Had he been virtuous, and had 'he lived, it was his fate not only to be murdered 'himself, but his wife, and the little infant that was 'to have been the pledge of their mutual affec-'tion.'

'Is it necessary then, venerable guide,' said Zadig, 'that there should be wickedness and misfortunes in 'the world, and that those misfortunes should fall 'with weight on the heads of the righteous?'

'The wicked,' replied Jesrad, 'are always un-'happy. Misfortunes are intended only as a touch-'stone, to try a small number of the just, thinly scat-'tered about the earth, nor is there any evil from 'which some good does not proceed.'

'But,' said Zadig, 'suppose there was only good, 'and no evil.'

'Then,' said Jesrad, 'this world would be another 'world; the chain of events would be another ar-'rangement conducted by wisdom; and that other or-'der, which would be perfect, must of necessity be 'the everlasting residence of the Supreme Being, whom 'no evil can approach. He has created an infinite 'number of worlds, and no two of them alike. This 'vast variety is an attribute of his divine Omnipotence. 'There are no two leaves on the trees of the earth, nor 'any two globes of light amongst the myriad of stars 'that deck the infinite expanse of heaven, which are 'perfectly alike. And whatever you see on that small 'atom of earth, whereof you are a native, must exist 'in the place, and at the time appointed, according to

'the

'the immutable decrees of him who comprehends the whole.'

'Mankind imagine, the youth whom I plunged into the river was drowned by *chance*; and that our generous benefactor's houſe was reduced by *chance*; but know there is no ſuch thing as this *chance* or *accident*; all misfortunes are intended either as ſevere trials, judgments, or rewards; and are the reſult of foreknowledge.'

'You remember the poor fiſherman, who thought himſelf the moſt unhappy of mortals. The great Oraſmades ſent you to amend his ſituation. Frail mortal! ceaſe to contend with what you ought to adore.'

'But,' ſaid Zadig—While the ſound of the word but dwelt upon his tongue, the angel took his flight towards the tenth ſphere.

Zadig ſunk down upon his knees, with the profoundeſt ſubmiſſion to an over-ruling Providence.

The angel, as he ſoared towards the clouds, exclaimed, 'Proceed to Babylon.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ÆNIGMAS.

ZADIG, like a man deprived of his ſenſes by loud peals of thunder, wandered at random. He entered, however, into the city of Babylon on the day thoſe combatants who had been engaged in the circus were aſſembled in the ſpacious outer-court of the palace, in order to ſolve the ænigmas, and give the moſt proper anſwers they could to ſuch queſtions as the magi ſhould propoſe.

All the knights were preſent, except the knight of the green armour.

The moment Zadig made his appearance in the city, the people aſſembled round him. They were not ſatisfied with gazing on him; all were laviſh of their praiſes, and in their hearts wiſhed him their ſovereign.

The envious man, who ſaw him paſs, ſighed, and turned his head aſide.

The populace, with loud acclamations, attended him to the palace gate.

The queen who had heard of his arrival, was greatly agitated by alternate hope and deſpair. She could neither conceive why Zadig ſhould appear without his accoutrements, nor imagine by what means Itobad could procure the white armour.

At the ſight of Zadig, a confuſed murmur ran through the whole place. Every eye was ſurpriſed, though charmed, to ſee him: but none were admitted into the aſſembly-room except the knights who had fought.

'I have fought as ſucceſsfully as any one of them!'

 ſaid

ſaid Zadig ; ‘ though another appears clad in my ‘ armour : but, before I can prove my aſſertion, I ‘ demand admiſſion into court, to give my ſolutions ‘ to ſuch ænigmas as ſhall be produced.’

His demand was put to the vote ; and his ſtrict honour and veracity were ſo ſtrongly imprinted on their minds, that it was carried in the affirmative, without oppoſition.

The firſt queſtion the principal of the magi propoſed was this :

‘ What is the longeſt and yet the ſhorteſt thing in ‘ the world ; the ſwifteſt and the moſt ſlow ; the moſt ‘ diviſible, and the moſt extended ; the leaſt valued, ‘ and the moſt regretted ; without which nothing can ‘ be done ; which devours every thing, however ſmall, ‘ and yet gives life and ſpirit to every object however ‘ great ?’

Itobad replied, that a man of his merit had ſomething elſe to think on than idle riddles ; it was enough for him, that he was acknowledged the *hero* of the circus.

One ſaid, the ſolution of the ænigma propoſed was *Fortune* ; others ſaid the *Earth* ; and others the *Light* : but Zadig pronounced it to be TIME.

‘ Nothing,’ ſaid he, ‘ can be longer, ſince it is the ‘ meaſurement of eternity ; nothing is ſhorter, ſince ‘ *Time* is always wanting to accompliſh what we aim ‘ at. Nothing paſſes ſo ſlowly as *Time* to him who is ‘ in the perfect enjoyment of his wiſhes. Its extent ‘ is to infinity, in the whole ; and diviſible into infi- ‘ nite ſmallneſs. All men neglect it, and all regret ‘ its loſs ; nothing can be done without it ; it buries ‘ in oblivion whatever is unworthy of being tranſ- ‘ mitted to poſterity ; and it renders illuſtrious actions ‘ immortal.’

The aſſembly agreed unanimouſly that Zadig was in the right.

The

The next queſtion, was :

'What is the thing we receive, without ever being 'thankful for it; which we enjoy without knowing 'how we came by it; which we give away to others 'without knowing where it is to be found: and which 'we loſe, without being conſcious of our misfortune?'

Every one gave his explanation.

Zadig was the only perſon that concluded it was LIFE.

He ſolved every ænigma that was propoſed with equal facility.

Itobad, when he heard the explication, always ſaid that nothing in the world was more eaſy than to ſolve ſuch obvious queſtions; and that he could interpret a thouſand of them without the leaſt heſitation, were he inclined to trouble his head about ſuch trifles.

Other queſtions were propoſed in regard to juſtice, the ſovereign good, and the art of government.

Zadig's anſwers ſtill carried the greateſt weight.

'What a pity it is,' ſaid ſome who were preſent, 'that one of ſo comprehenſive a genius ſhould make ſo 'bad a knight!'

'Illuſtrious lords,' ſaid Zadig, 'I had the honour 'of being victor at your circus; the white armour 'was mine. That awkward warrior, Lord Itobad, 'ſtole it while I ſlept. He imagined it would do him 'more honour than the green. Unaccoutred as I am, 'I am ready, before this auguſt aſſembly, to give 'them inconteſtible proof of my ſuperior ſkill; to engage with the uſurper of the white armour with my 'ſword only, in my mantle and bonnet; and to teſtify 'that I only was the happy victor of the juſtly admired Otamus.'

Itobad accepted the challenge with aſſurance of

ſucceſs. His head being guarded by a helmet, his breaſt and back by his cuiraſs, and his arms by his braſſarts, he doubted not but he ſhould be able to ſubdue an antagoniſt in his mantle and no weapon of defence but a ſabre.

Zadig drew his ſword, and ſaluted the queen, who viewed him with tranſport mixed with fear. Itobad drew his without any ſalutation. He approached Zadig, as one whom he imagined incapable of making any conſiderable reſiſtance. He concluded it was in his power to cut Zadig in twain.

Zadig, however, received his adverſary's blow on the ſtrongeſt part of his ſword, by which means Itobad's ſword was broke in two. Zadig upon this cloſed his adverſary, and, by his ſuperior ſtrength and ſkill, laid him on the ground, and holding the point of his ſword to the opening of his cuiraſs, 'Submit 'to be ſtript of your borrowed plumes, or you are a 'dead man.'

Itobad, always ſurpriſed that any diſappointment ſhould attend a man of ſuch exalted merit as himſelf, very tamely permitted Zadig to rob him by degrees of his pompous helmet, his ſuperb cuiraſs, his rich bracelets, his brilliant cuiſſes, and other martial accoutrements.

When Zadig had equipped himſelf in his new-recovered armour, he flew to Aſtarte, and threw himſelf proſtrate at her feet.

Cador proved that the white armour was Zadig's property. He was thereupon acknowledged king of Babylon, by the unanimous conſent of the whole court; but more particularly with the approbation of Aſtarte, who, after ſuch a long ſeries of misfortunes, had the ſupreme happineſs of ſeeing her beloved Zadig thought worthy, in the opinion of the whole kingdom, to be the partner of her royal bed.

Itobad

Itobad withdrew, and contented himſelf with being called my lord within the narrow compaſs of his own domeſtics.

Zadig was elected king, and was elevated to the ſummit of happineſs. He now began to reflect on what the angel Jeſrad had ſaid to him. He even remembered the grain of ſand that became a diamond. The queen and he adored the Divine Providence. Zadig permitted Miſſouf, the fair coquet, to make her conqueſts where ſhe could.

He ſent for the free-booter Arbogad, and gave him an honourable commiſſion in his army, with a promiſe of promotion to the higheſt dignity. He aſſured him, however, if he did not conduct himſelf like a ſoldier of honour, and dicontinue his profeſſion of robbing, he would make a public example of him.

Setoc, with his bride Almona, were ſent for from Arabia, to preſide over the commercial affairs of Babylon.

Cador was advanced to one of the higheſt offices in the ſtate, as the reward of his diſtinguiſhed ſervice: indeed he was ſtrictly the friend of the king: and Zadig was the only monarch in the univerſe that could boaſt of ſuch an attendant.

The dwarf, though dumb, was not wholly forgotten. The fiſherman was put in poſſeſſion of a very handſome houſe; and Orcan was ſentenced not only to pay him a very conſiderable ſum, for the injuſtice done him in detaining his wife, but to reſign her likewiſe to the proper owner. The fiſherman, however, ſoftened the rigour of the ſentence, and took the money only.

He left not ſo much as Semira wholly diſconſolate, though ſhe had ſuch an averſion to a blind eye; nor Azora comfortleſs, notwithſtanding her affectionate

 intention

intention of ſhortening his noſe; for he ſoothed their ſorrows by munificent preſents. The envious man, indeed, died with ſhame and vexation. The empire was glorious abroad, and in the full enjoyment of peace and plenty at home.

This, in ſhort, was the true golden age. The whole country was governed by love and juſtice. The people bleſt Zadig, and Zadig bleſt Heaven.

THE END OF ZADIG.

ENUMERATION

OF THE WORKS PUBLISHED IN

COOKE'S POCKET EDITIONS

OF THE

MOST ESTEEMED AUTHORS.

BRITISH CLASSICS.

Goldſmith's Eſſays	0	1	0	Citizen of the World	0	3	0
Shenſtone's Eſſays	0	1	6	Adventurer	0	5	6
Johnſon's Idler	0	3	0	Rambler	0	6	6

The Claſſics as above enumerated are all publiſhed—the following will be publiſhed as ſoon as the Embelliſhments can be procured from the Artiſts.

Spectator, Tatler, Guardian, Mirror, World, Connoiſſeur,

The Deſign of the Proprietor of this Work is to preſent to the Public, under the Title of the BRITISH CLASSICS, a ſucceſſion of Eſſays, which, from their intrinſic merit, and the acknowledged abilities of their Authors, are ſtamped with univerſal approbation; not only as ſtandards of the Engliſh Language, for purity and elegance of diction, but as impreſſive leſſons for general conduct and deportment in life; as they teach its minuter decencies and duties; tend to regulate converſation; and correct thoſe errors and follies which are ridiculous, though not criminal; and which, if they produce not laſting calamities, impreſs hourly vexation, and annoy the pleaſures and happineſs of ſociety.

The utility of eſſay writing is forcibly deſcribed by Dr. Johnſon, who obſerves, that—

"Before the *Tatler* and *Spectator* (if the writers for the Theatre are excepted) England had no maſters of common life. No writers had yet undertaken to reform either the ſavageneſs of neglect, or the impertinence of civility; to teach when to ſpeak, or to be ſilent; how to refuſe, or how to comply. We wanted not books to teach us our more important duties, and to ſettle opinions in philoſophy and politics; but an *Arbiter Elegantiarum*, a judge of propriety, was yet wanting, who ſhould ſurvey the track of daily converſation, and free it from thoſe thorns and prickles which teaze life's paſſenger, though they do not wound him. For this purpoſe there is not any means ſo proper as the frequent publications of ſhort papers, which we read not as ſtudy, but amuſement. If the ſubject be ſlight, the treatiſe likewiſe is ſhort. The buſy may find time, and the idle may find patience."

SACRED CLASSICS.

Economy of Human Life	0	6	Centaur not Fabulous	1	0
Death of Abel	1	0	Blackmore's Creation	1	0
Addison's Evidences	1	0	Pilgrim's Progress	2	0
Dodd on Death	1	0	Rowe's Letters	2	0
Dodd's Prison Thoughts	1	0	Hervey's Meditations	2	6
Rowe's Exercises	1	0			

The Intention of this Undertaking is to present to the Public, under the title of the SACRED CLASSICS, a Collection of the most ESTEEMED Works on MORAL and RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS, written by Authors of known *Celebrity*, and happily adapted to form the Mind to the Love and Practice of Piety and Virtue. The Writings of the Authors we have selected for this Purpose, tend to convey both *Instruction* and *Entertainment*; some of them exhibit Examples of Virtue to attract Admiration, others Instances of Vice to excite Abhorrence; and all of them abound with exalted Sentiments and apposite Allusions, and thereby contribute to impart Knowledge of the most *important* and *interesting Nature*.

In an Age of Erudition and free Enquiry, it must give a sensible Pleasure to reflecting Minds to see *Instruction* mingled with *Amusement*, and the most serious and important Truths introduced to our Notice in the garb of *Pleasure* and *Entertainment*.

As the utility of the Sacred Classics must be evident, not only as they relate to Persons in general, but the rising Generation in particular; a Consideration which must recommend them to Parents, Guardians, and Superintendants of Seminaries of Learning, as peculiarly adapted to animate at once the Progress of Youth, in their religious and literary Pursuits, at a small Expence; and as these Works tend so essentially to promote the Christian Cause, and the *Interest* and *Happiness* of Society, they deserve every possible Recommendation from those who are anxious for the Advancement of *Piety* and *Virtue*. There has not been any Collection of Moral and Religious Works yet published, so well adapted to accomplish this important End; for, by Means of the peculiar Economy adopted in printing of the Sacred Classics, the Proprietor is enabled to submit to the Public Works of the most *beneficial Tendency* at a Price which renders them attainable to the Generality of Readers, who have previously been precluded from the Purchase of such valuable Works, by the enormous Price that has ever been attached to them, though, from the *Importance* and *Value* of the Subjects they contain, they ought to be the Companions of every Christian Reader.

SELECT POETS.

Authors.	Price.	*Authors.*	Price.	*Authors.*	Price.
Gray	0 6	Falconer	1 0	Waller	1 6
Collins	0 6	Congreve.	1 0	Langhorne	1 6
Otway	0 6	Fenton	1 0	Parnel	1 6
Rocheſter	0 6	Rowe	1 0	Savage	1 6
Walſh	0 6	Mickle	1 0	Shenſtone	2 0
Sheffield	0 6	Broome	1 0	Akenſide	2 0
Lyttleton	0 6	Mallet	1 0	Watts	2 0
Goldſmith	0 6	Moore	1 0	Glover	2 0
Armſtrong	0 6	Tickel	1 0	Somervile	2 0
Smollet	0 6	Cunningham	1 0	Thomſon	2 0
Johnſon	0 6	Lanſdowne	1 0	Milton	3 6
Garth	0 6	Warton	1 0	Young	4 6
Pomfret	0 6	Addiſon	1 0	Pope	5 0
Dodſley	0 6	Shakſpeare	1 6	Dryden	5 0
					6

At a Period when the Arts have arrived to a degree of Perfection *unexampled* in the Annals of this Country,—when the Genius of the Nation is refined in Proportion to its Improvement, and an univerſal Taſte prevails for *Beauty* and *Excellence*, it was thought the beſt Seaſon for offering to the Notice of the Public, the complete Productions of the moſt eſteemed *Britiſh Bards*; and ſince the moſt approved Productions of the Engliſh Claſſics, the Hiſtory of our Country, and the moſt eſteemed *Novels*, have been reduced to a *convenient* and *portable* Size, and embelliſhed with the moſt *finiſhed Execution* of the *Preſs* and *Pencil*, the Proprietor thought the *Poets* no leſs entitled to thoſe *ſuperior* Decorations.

There is a happy Combination between the Arts of Poetry and Painting. What the Poet achieves by elaborate Detail, the Painter accompliſhes by inſtantaneous Effect. To the Imagination of the Poet, the Painter is indebted for all his happieſt Subjects; and, in return, the Embelliſhments of the Pencil reflect a Luſtre on the beſt Productions of the Muſe. The Union, therefore, of Poetry and Painting affords an Employment for the Mind, at once *elegant*, *delightful*, and *inſtructive*; and, when recommended with every Degree of *Taſte* and *Elegance*, muſt evidently claim the liberal Patronage of the Admirers of Poetic Genius, exerted in all the Diſplay of lively Fancy. It is, therefore, the Deſign of this Work to combine the ſublime and refined Ideas of the Poet, with the pictureſque and elegant Repreſentations of the Painter; and to preſent at once, to the Mind and the Eye, the moſt beautiful and ſtriking Objects, in all the Harmony of Verſe and Force of Colouring.

SELECT NOVELS.

Novels.	*Authors.*	*Quantity.*	*Price*
Solyman and Almena	Langhorne	1 No.	0 6
Almoran and Hamet	Hawkefworth	1 No.	0 6
Nourjahad	Mrs. Sheridan	1 No.	0 6
Raffelas	Johnfon	2 No.	1 0
Zadig	Voltaire	2 No.	1 0
Sentimental Journey	Sterne	2 No.	1 0
Caftle of Otranto	Muralto	2 Nos.	1 0
Theodofius and Conftantia	Langhorne	2 Nos.	1 0
Belifarius	Marmontel	2 Nos.	1 0
Pompey the Little	Coventry	2 Nos.	1 0
Candid	Voltaire	2 Nos.	1 0
Journey to next World	Fielding	2 Nos.	1 0
Peruvian Princefs	Grafigny	3 Nos.	1 6
Louifa Mildmay,	Kelly	3 Nos.	1 6
Adventures of an Atom	Smollett	3 Nos.	1 6
Vicar of Wakefield	Goldfmith	3 Nos.	1 6
Chinefe Tales	Gueulet	3 Nos.	1 6
Launcelot Greaves	Smollett	3 Nos.	1 6
Tale of a Tub	Swift	3 Nos.	1 6
Jonathan Wild	Fielding	3 Nos.	1 6
Devil on Two Sticks	Le Sage	4 Nos.	2 0
Gulliver's Travels	Swift	4 Nos.	2 0
Sifters	Dodd	4 Nos.	2 0
Henrietta	Lenox	4 Nos.	2 0
Jofeph Andrews	Fielding	5 Nos.	2 6
Telemachus	Fenelon	6 Nos.	3 0
Humphrey Clinker	Smollett	6 Nos.	3 0
Female Quixote	Lenox	6 Nos.	3 0
Moral Tales	Marmontel	7 Nos.	3 6
Count Fathom	Smollett	7 Nos.	3 6
Tales of the Genii	Morell	7 Nos.	3 6
Roderic Random	Smollett	7 Nos.	3 6
Triftam Shandy	Sterne	9 Nos.	4 6
Amelia	Fielding	9 Nos.	4 6
Robinfon Crufoe	De Foe	10 Nos.	5 0
Chryfal	———	10 Nos.	5 0
Gil Blas	Le Sage	11 Nos.	5 6
Peregrine Pickle	Smollet	13 Nos.	6 6
Tom Jones	Fielding	13 Nos.	6 6
Arabian Nights	Galland	15 Nos.	7 6
Don Quixote	Cervantes	17 Nos.	8 6
Pamela	Richardfon	22 Nos.	11 0

The refpective Works enumerated in the Profpectus will be followed by others of *equal Eftimation*, as none will gain admiffion into this Library but fuch as have been ftamped with *univerfal Approbation.*

COOK's POCKET EDITION OF

HUME's
HISTORY *of* ENGLAND,

FROM THE INVASION OF JULIUS CÆSAR, TO THE REVOLUTION.—WITH THE AUTHOR'S

LAST CORRECTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

To Hume's History are added, a Continuation, by

DR. SMOLLET,

From the REVOLUTION to the DEATH of GEORGE II.

AND A FURTHER CONTINUATION

From the DEATH of GEORGE II. to the Year 1795.

BY T. LLOYD.

An additional Volume is preparing for the Prefs, which will bring down the Hiftory to the *prefent Peace*, and exhibit an interefting Detail of the late War. When future Events fhall occur fufficient to fill a Volume, they will be publifhed, and others will follow in Succeffion; fo that this work will form an Hiftorical Regifter at *fubfequent* Periods.

Price of the refpective Parts, which may be purchafed complete, or in feparate Numbers:

Hume,	53 Numbers,	1l. 6s. 6d.
Smollett,	34 Numbers,	17s. od.
Lloyd,	24 Numbers,	12s. od.

Embellifhed with upwards of One Hundred *fuperb Engravings*, reprefenting the principal Events recorded in the Hiftory; as alfo *Portraits* of all the Britifh Monarchs, from William the Conqueror to his prefent Majefty, and other illuftrious Characters, habited in the Dreffes of the Times in which they lived. The Work alfo includes the *Portraits* of Hume, Smollett, and Lloyd.

The whole of the Portraits are highly finifhed in Stippled Engravings, by W. RIDLEY, whofe Abilities in this peculiar and beautiful Mode of Engraving are too well known to need any Eulogium.

In the Continuation of the Hiftory, from the Revolution to the Death of George II. we have given preference to *Smollett*, from the fame Motives which induced us to make Choice of *Hume*. Thefe were the concurrent Approbation of the Literati in particular, and the Public in general; and if the merit of a Writer may be eftimated from the *rapid* Sale of his Productions, the Claim of Smollett's Hiftory to the Rank of Pre-eminence cannot be difputed. The Reafon is obvious, if we confider the nervous Elegance of his Diction; his picturefque Difplay of Character, and that Degree of Animation which gives

a Glofs to his Colouring, and diffufes a Life, Spirit, and Energy throughout the Whole of his hiftorical Narrative.

It is prefumed that the propriety of our Continuation of the Hiftory, from the Death of George II. to the prefent Date, will alfo be generally admitted, when it is obferved, that no Hiftorian of acknowledged Authenticity, has traced the Annals of England beyond the Period of the Termination of the American War, and the Peace which took place between the Belligerent Powers in confequence of that Event; from which it may juftly be inferred, that we have not any Hiftory that can be deemed complete.

For whoever cafts a retrofpective Eye over the prefent Reign, will readily acknowledge that it is *pregnant* with Epoch of fuch *Magnitude* as cannot fail to render it an *important* Events in the Annals of Englifh Hiftory. It opens a new Scene to the Hiftorian, a Scene not to be traced by the weak and erring Pencil of Conjecture, but boldly marked by the ftrong and genuine colours of Truth. It has been obferved that the Tranfactions of a Reign cannot be fairly difcuffed during the Life of the Monarch: but though an Author who is eafily fwayed by prejudice or partiality may be weak enough to admit the Validity of this Doctrine, to the impartial Hiftorian, whom no Confideration can induce to fhrink from the candid Difquifition of Facts, it muft appear frivolous and falfe, when the moft ample Sources of Information are open before us; when Events, unobfcured by Time, may with Facility be traced to their Origin; when Mifrepre-fentation muft be followed by inftant Detection, who will dare to affirm that it is not the Seafon for Hiftorical Verity?

C. Cooke has purchafed, of the former Proprietors, the remaining Copies of *Parfon's Edition of Hume's Hiftory of England, with Continuations*, printed on the fame Size, and formed on the fame Plan as the above Work. This Edition is comprifed in Twenty-two Volumes, which, if purchafed in feparate Volumes, are 2s. 6d. each; but if the Twenty-two Volumes are purchafed together, they are fold at 2l. 10s. by which there will be a Saving to the Purchafer of 5s. This Edition, therefore, not only derives an Advantage above the former, with refpect to Price, but is rendered more convenient by being done up in Volumes, without any additional Expence to the Purchafer.